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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. **Y**ESTERDAY week Mr. GLADSTONE was uncontentionally occupied "in a structure closely resembling a pulpit," and in the delivery of an address on things in general, at the opening of the Wirral Railway. Mr. GLADSTONE, for a man not young, is, we must own, *laudator temporis acti* in a new and original fashion. He praises the times past because they have brought forth the times present—those excellent times present in which Mr. GLADSTONE, from a structure closely resembling a pulpit, praises them, and remembers that they have made him four times Prime Minister of England.—A meeting of the ratepayers of St. Martin's was held to protest against the reopening of Trafalgar Square as a bear-garden.

At Menheniot on Monday Mr. COURTNEY delivered one of those odd compounds of practical shrewdness and mid-century Liberal prejudice of which he now has almost the monopoly. Mr. GLADSTONE at Oxford (in the Sheldonian Theatre and a D.C.L. gown) chatted with much pleasantness for an hour and a half, garnishing his chat with many fine old stories, and calling it the ROMANES lecture on Mediaeval Universities. Lord ROSEBERY, who has been well in evidence this week, made another cheerful speech on Tuesday at Whitechapel, eulogizing literature and municipal institutions. A deputation from Deptford waited on the MINISTER of AGRICULTURE, urging the relaxation of the rules in reference to the importation of foreign cattle, a request which Mr. HERBERT GARDNER very properly refused. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in the congenial society of the United Kingdom Alliance, was in a tearing rage with the Bishop of CHESTER, and no wonder. For, if the Bishop's plan were to succeed (we express no direct opinion here on its chances), the English people would be made what Sir WILFRID and his brother fanatics hate most of all, sober and free at once. The Durham Miners, being polled, had declared by a large majority against a Parliamentary Eight Hours day.

But the most interesting item of Wednesday morning's Home news was some fresh intelligence about Mr. GLADSTONE and Welsh rents. The PRIME MINISTER, between Mediaeval Universities, the Wirral Railway, his annoyance over many divers Government affairs,

and other things, had still been unable to find those figures; but he furnished a fresh set *après coup*, of which Mr. OWEN proceeded to make mince-meat. Lord SUDELEY, in the friendliest and most amiable way in the world, was inconveniently pressing on the same subject.

On Thursday morning political attention was mainly absorbed in the contents of Lord SALISBURY's article, published in early copies of the *National Review*, on the situation, and especially on the threats addressed to the House of Lords. We dwell on this elsewhere, but may note here with especial satisfaction Lord SALISBURY's final nailing of the impudent lie that he called the Irish Hottentots. Next morning he made another explanation, equally unnecessary to those who know, that the late Government had never resolved to evacuate Uganda, but fully intended to keep it, though they had not decided whether the Company was the best instrument of retention. On this same yesterday morning were published Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's regulations for Trafalgar Square meetings, and some preliminary invitations and instructions from the Irish Eviction Commission. But the chief interest of the newspapers lay in Mr. BALFOUR's speech at Manchester on bimetallism—a speech very comforting and grateful to his Lancashire auditors, who are bimetallists almost to a man.

Ireland. This day week there was published an angrier letter than ever from Mr. MORLEY, through his private secretary, to Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER (or, rather, to the newspapers), reiterating his denial of the charge against him. Mr. REDMOND had seen the dynamiter DALY in Portland Prison, and reported with tears in his eyes that prison does not agree with DALY. Then DALY should not have done the things which brought him there. And it is highly probable that, if DALY's kind intentions towards the House of Commons had been carried out, the results would have disagreed with large numbers of persons much more respectable than himself. On Tuesday morning Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER made a not too graceful retreat from a position which, with a little more care, he might have made impregnable, and which Mr. MORLEY himself can hardly be said to have captured. In a subsequent interview at Belfast, it cannot be said that Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER improved his argument. It is

unfortunate, but it is the law of the universe, that it is no use having a good case if you do not know how to manage it, and no use having the best intentions if you do not know a bad case when you see it.—The VICEROY has again been refusing to allow addresses to be presented to him expressive of adherence to the law which he has been sent to Ireland to administer. A very important meeting of landlords was held at Cork this day week, attended by persons like Mr. SMITH BARRY, Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD, Sir GEORGE COLTHURST, and others. We are glad to see that the general tendency was, while protesting against the institution and constitution of the Eviction Commission, to take every means to secure the thorough sifting of all cases brought before it. No other plan can be so effective for unmasking the sham or turning it into a reality.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Yesterday week the Chicago World's Fair of next year was "dedicated." It might have been a little doubtful to whom the dedication was addressed. But the speech of that celebrated orator, Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW—characteristically fulsome towards America, characteristically impertinent towards most other countries, and characteristically charged throughout with complacent ignorance and rejoicing bad taste—may be thought to show that the dedication was to the Genius of Bunkum. From Russia we had more assumptions of the whole question in the matter of the Pamirs, and a smooth official account of the reported outrages on sealers in Behring Sea. We by no means take for granted that these outrages were facts. That must be matter of evidence. But the evidence on the other question is in our possession, and it no more proves the Southern Pamirs to be Russian than it proves the island of Guernsey, which once saw a very considerable cantonment of the CZAR'S troops, to be his. There had been fresh scares in Argentina.

On Monday we learnt that some of the Canadian prisoners for sealing had been released, and that Captain DE LEVRON, the Russian commander who seized them, was suffering from insanity. It was, indeed, to be feared that something of the kind would happen; but, on analogies old and new, there is good hope that, as soon as England has accepted this satisfaction, Captain DE LEVRON will recover and be promoted. Anarchists and Socialists had been fighting at a Paris meeting, and either party has the full leave of reasonable men to do what it likes to the other. Minor details of foreign news were rather numerous than weighty, the two chief being, perhaps, matters of opinion rather than fact. One was a statement that the POPE'S recent conduct towards the French Republic was cause of grave concern to the chief authorities of the Roman Church; the other, that the Cretans, who have begun again to be "disturbed," are thoroughly alienated from Greece, a thing not unexpected and pregnant with consequences.

More disturbances in Argentina, and a good deal of disquietude in France over the probable results of the Carmaux arbitration, were the principal constituents of Tuesday's foreign news; together with a heavy deficit in the Russian Budget.

The principal item of Wednesday morning was the death of Mrs. HARRISON, wife of the American PRESIDENT, a lady who had the reputation of considerable ability, and of having been no mean assistant in building up her husband's fortunes.

The report which had been spread of the intention of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government to withdraw the British troops from Halifax was contradicted, not before it had excited much ill-feeling in Canada.—The LEBEL rifle had been doing wonders in Dahomey, its missiles acting "like explosive bullets"—which we had thought were contraband by international agreement.

—M. LOUBET, the French Premier, has had an opportunity of discovering the difficulty of that form of *le sport* which consists of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. His award in the Carmaux matter—an ingenious see-saw on the Asquithian pattern, whereby M. CALVIGNAC is reinstated, but at the same time given leave of absence; the strikers also reinstated, unless they have been found guilty of rioting, and so forth—has been rejected by the men. "Universal suffrage has been violated," they say; an additional proof that, for the production of sheer and stark nonsense, man, though good at all times, is never so good as when he is talking politics. Meanwhile it seems to be thought that the result of this rather rash experiment of M. LOUBET'S has more than counterbalanced the success (after all, a rather negative one) which his Government obtained in the discussion of the matter in the Chamber. This, however, was not apparent in a second Carmaux debate on Thursday, when the Government once more easily got the better of their opponents, among whom M. CLÉMENTEAU distinguished himself rather by acrimony than by the ability with which he was once credited. This was the chief item of yesterday's news, which also contained conflicting reports of a very sanguinary business in the Mexican province of Chihuahua, in which it was clear that somebody had exterminated some hundreds of somebody else; but not clear whether the troops had exterminated the Indians, the Indians the troops, or each the other. The silver wedding of the KING and QUEEN of GREECE had been celebrated, and the Bulgarian Parliament had been opened by Prince FERDINAND.

It should be added that throughout the week the subject of the moment has been Uganda, in favour of the retention of which a surprising concert of speeches, letters, meetings, and the like, from the most diverse quarters, has been made up.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday decided on the terms of its new Strand and Holborn street, which is with characteristic taste to be called "The Council Broadway." With some difficulty, and not without partial amendment, a "Pro-gressive" fad for paying the tram or rail fares of the lucky persons who are turned out was embodied in the scheme. Let us sincerely hope that the Council will also buy them an umbrella apiece and two goloshes, lest the rains of Heaven visit them too roughly during their longer transit. A boon half given is nothing. It appears, however, that some people think the hands of the Council require strengthening, and a "non-political" organization called the London Reform Union has been formed, the non-political character of which may be judged from the fact that it has Mr. THOMAS MANN for secretary.

The Law Courts. It is not unfair to say that the jury, unless bribed or mad, could have come to no other conclusion than that at which, in ten minutes or so, they arrived in respect to the girl-poisoner NEILL yesterday week; though Mr. GEOGHEGAN, the prisoner's counsel, attempted the absolutely impossible with considerable pluck and skill. For the rest, a famous juror of old time shall save us all further comment. "'Hang-ing is too good for him,' said Mr. CRUELTY"; but it is not Mr. CRUELTY who says so to-day.—Some judgments of importance were given on Tuesday, Mr. Justice STIRLING delivering his detailed decision in the Savernake Estate case, the effect of which had been announced before the Long Vacation, and the Queen's Bench Division sustaining the Court below in refusing some, while allowing others, of the particulars applied for by Mr. BALFOUR in the matter of the petition against his return. Mr. HAROLD BARING, who has more than once exhibited himself of late years in the character of a prodigal son, was lucky enough to escape the payment of a gambling debt.—Mr. W. R.

KENNEDY, Q.C., has been appointed to the vacant judgeship. Mr. KENNEDY belongs to a famous family, is a good scholar and a good lawyer.

Racing. At Sandown yesterday week there was one event of some interest—the Amphion Stakes, which was contested by Watercress, Dunure, and Bumptious. The usually unlucky Dunure looked like making a fight of it with Watercress, but was unsuccessful, and Bumptious was quite beaten off.—Those critics who declared that there would be nothing of interest in the Newmarket Houghton Meeting except the Cambridgeshire must have been unreasonable if they did not change their minds on Tuesday, when, besides other good racing, the Limekiln Stakes and the Criterion Stakes produced excellent contests. In the former, Orme meeting the Derby winner at even weights, El Diablo, to whom he was giving something, and Orvieto, at 3 lbs. advantage, polished them all off with the greatest ease, while in the Criterion The Prize, who had been made favourite, was just beaten by Mr. JENNINGS's Montezuma.

The Cambridgeshire itself was unusually interesting, and, though La Flèche held her position in the betting very well, there was an unusually free distribution of support among the thirty starters, Pensioner, Jodel, and Coromandel being perhaps most favoured. In the race itself La Flèche kept well to the front throughout, and won splendidly by a length and a half from Pensioner, who was nearly a length in front of Jodel, these two horses each receiving two stone six from the winner. In the last race of the day, the Subscription Stakes, Orme made his second appearance during the meeting, and won easily from four others, including Bel Demonio and General WILLIAMS's good two-year-old, Perigord.

The interest of Thursday's racing was chiefly confined to two events—the Dewhurst Plate for two-year-olds, and a Free Handicap, in which Orme appeared for the third time during the week. He started with odds on him, but was unable to give 16 lbs. to El Diablo, though he beat The Lover, to whom he was giving 6 more. Mr. ABINGTON's Meddler won the Dewhurst, after a very fine race with Raeburn and Buckingham.

Miscellaneous. Two solemn functions—the LORD MAYOR'S banquet to the Trinity House, and the LORD CHANCELLOR'S reception of the judges—came off on Monday. At the latter Mr. ex-Justice DENMAN took an interesting leave of the Bar, discovering Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to be the choicest ornament thereof. Lord ROSEBURY spoke agreeably at the Trinity House dinner. Lord ONSLOW has formed an inquiry commission into Boothism, composed of Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, and Mr. WALTER LONG, with the not irrelevant assessorship of the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Unkind persons will probably say that Mr. WATERHOUSE is sitting in judgment on the President of a brother institute—that of Chartered Charlatans.—An unusual, and unfortunately fatal, explosion has occurred on board H.M.S. *Mercury*, in the East, the vapour of alcohol in the spirit-room, as it is supposed, catching fire when a light was presented to it.—Much bad weather has been reported from divers parts of the world during the week, and it appears that the small batch of castaways at the Pescadores, who it was thought might be survivors of the *Bokhara*, belonged to a large Norwegian steamer which had been wrecked in the same typhoon as the P. and O. boat.—A medical dinner was given to Sir BALTHASAR WALTER FOSTER, on Wednesday, to celebrate his appointment at the Local Government Board. On the same day Mr. FROUDE, at Oxford, delivered his inaugural lecture, a very good one, in which he vindicated the old truth that new schools and systems, and so forth, are only old after all. The Society of London Booksellers dined, with Mr. BESANT and Mr. BIRRELL to represent the raw

material of the trade. Indeed the former was in the chair, and neither was behind a screen. At a meeting of the Women's Emancipation Union at Birmingham, one Miss COZENS advocated shooting straight, and, if necessary, the use of dynamite as sovereign for your chuffs, who hate youth like her, and will not give them the franchise.—A meeting consolatory of Miss COBBE was held on Thursday evening in St. James's Hall.

Correspondence. A very important letter to the *Times* on Monday morning, from Sir HENRY THOMPSON, dwelt on the inefficiency of our death registration system, as shown in the NEILL-CLOVER murder, and "QUADRATIC" maintained that "Fuzzy Wuzzy" did not break British squares in the Soudan. As, however, "QUADRATIC" seems to argue that his namesake-formation broke itself on the two occasions referred to, the lay mind will, we fear, regard this, with its usual brutality, as a distinction without a difference.—On Tuesday morning Vivisectionists and Anti-Vivisectionists were still rolling over one another, with Mr. PEEK and Mr. HUXLEY backing them at 50*l.* a side; Mr. STANLEY and Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH once more joined in the Uganda fray—on which subject a very decided letter from Bishop TUCKER to Sir GERALD PORTAL was also published—and there was much other writing on subjects old and new.

Obituary. Sir THOMAS PEARS was an Indian engineer of great note and mark, both in strictly military engineering and in public works; Dr. CONWAY EVANS a London medical officer of health, of many years' experience.—The Duke of ROXBURGHE, who died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, had not been very prominent as a politician, but he had the honour to be one of those who did not fall away from Liberalism to Gladstonianism in 1886.—Colonel CROWDER, of C. C. C. Oxford, was one of the not very numerous persons who have doubled military and academic employment.—M. HENRI LAVOIX had occupied for many years the decidedly difficult and delicate post of "reader" to the Théâtre Français; and M. MILLAUD, of the *Figaro*, was a very pleasant satiric journalist. No political "skits" for many years have been more good-temperedly funny than those which M. MILLAUD, assisted by the pencil of "CARAN D'ACHE," used to aim at the GRÉVY Administration, nor has he been much less successful with its successor.—Mr. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, a Unitarian minister and younger brother of the poet, had, we believe, some notoriety in his own country as a hymn-writer. Here he was best known as the author of a very well intentioned, but not so well executed *Life* of his brother.—Surgeon-General CANNON had done good service in the Indian Mutiny.—Herr FRANZ was one of the best and best-known of German song-composers, and Dr. SCHÜTZ one of the *doyens* of Sanscrit study.

Lord Tennyson's Last Volume. It would be scant respect to the memory of a great poet to hurry out in our present issue a detailed notice of LORD TENNYSON'S last volume, *The Death of Ænone* (MACMILLAN), which was only published a few hours before we went to press. We may, however, observe that, besides the two poems, "The Death of Ænone" and "Akbar's Dream," between which the honour of title-piece seems to have oscillated, there is an excellent piece in the "Northern Farmer" style and dialect, entitled "Churchwarden and Curate," several metrical novelties, "The Silent Voices," the poem on the death of the Duke of CLARENCE, not a few specimens of that half-pessimist optimism which was characteristic of the author in his declining years, a very fine and Tennysonian fragment on ST. TELEMACHUS in the Colosseum, and a poem on "Poets and Critics," ending in lines which critics need not be afraid to take as a compliment—

But seldom comes the Poet here,
And the Critic's rarer still.

A quatrain of passionate naturalness in honour of SCOTT will delight all good men; and, though perhaps the verses were not the very best their author ever did, many will be glad to see again the once famous "Riflemen, Form," of 1859.

LORD SALISBURY ON CONSTITUTIONAL REVISION.

SINCE Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON abolished the House of Lords by resolution of the House of Commons in a magazine article, not very much has been heard from Gladstonian quarters about the attitude to be adopted by, or forced upon, the Second Chamber of the Legislature, in the event—no very probable one—of a Home Rule Bill being carried through the First. Perhaps it has been thought that Mr. HARRISON's warning has disposed of the matter, and that the Peers, overawed by the frowns of the philosopher—who has of late revived quite touching memories of that earlier figure "in evening dress furbishing up a model "of the guillotine," which we owed to the playful pencil of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD—have resolved to bow their heads submissively to Mr. GLADSTONE's decree. But whatever the cause of this silence in the ranks of the Ministerialists, they are evidently unwilling to break it, and are showing no particular eagerness to take up the challenge thrown down to them by Lord SALISBURY in the November number of the *National Review*. We shall probably be right in guessing that the latter part of the late Prime Minister's article is more distasteful to them than its earlier pages. It is true that Lord SALISBURY's ridicule of the Gladstonian threats is exceedingly happy, and must, to the victims of it, be particularly galling; but then, of course, they never believed in their own threats themselves. They have merely been playing the old familiar game of brag and bluster, merely indulging themselves in that tall talk the success of which, like that of a jest, lies principally in the ear that hears it—though it differs from the jest, indeed, in having only to be laughed at in order to fail. Revolutionary BOBADILS of Mr. HARRISON's type know perfectly well that they could no more abolish the House of Lords by vote of the House of Commons, or swamp it by an addition of "five hundred sweeps" to the peerage (but why is a sweep a synonym for the contemptible to an Equality-Philosopher?), than they could deport the whole of the Front Opposition Bench to whatever English prison might be the equivalent of Mazas. For *coups d'état* of either of these two descriptions (since both in practice would be equally a summons of all Constitutionals to active resistance) you require, as Lord SALISBURY points out, the command of an army willing to assist you in forcibly overthrowing the Constitution. You want "hired swordsmen," as Mr. HARRISON describes soldiers when the boot is on the other leg, and it is a Reactionary instead of a Radical heel that is trampling law and liberty under foot. In short, it is schoolboy talk all this nonsense about coercing the House of Lords, and we may leave those who talk it to the excellent railly with which Lord SALISBURY here treats them.

The more serious and more important part of his article concerns, not what the House of Lords is to be "allowed" to do by Mr. HARRISON and Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON, but what it should elect to do of its own inherent discretion. What, in other words, would be its line of constitutional duty in the event of the House of Commons sending up to it a Home Rule Bill for Ireland? What duty, or rather what necessity, would dictate to it, if the common falsehood of the Gladstonians were true, is obvious enough. If "the mass of the nation (in-

cluding in that term the mass of the English people "as an essential part of the nation)" had accepted Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule scheme—as yet unknown to it—and were to urge its acceptance by the House of Lords, "I do not suppose," Lord SALISBURY, of course, admits, "that the House of Lords would desire to resist" them, or would have the power of doing so if they "wished it." It would not require, in Mr. HARRISON's so significant collocation of terms, that "Mr. GLADSTONE "and the nation"—that *ego et rex meus* so contentedly acquiesced in by the slavish modern democrat—should be "thundering at the doors" of the Upper House. The unassisted thundering of the nation alone, so long as thunder and nation were both real, would suffice, as Lord SALISBURY observes drily, to insure the acquiescence of the Lords. But, as he goes on to remind them, by a process of demonstration so familiar that we need not follow it, the evidence of any such inclination to thunder is altogether lacking. It is, as he says, a material element in the case that, "barring the "votes given by Archbishop WALSH's pocket boroughs "and counties in the South and West of Ireland, the "thundering of the nation, if it thundered at all, "would be thundering the other way." This, however, will not, of course, prevent the Gladstonian from asserting that the country is with him, and from attempting, in the contingency under contemplation, to bully the Lords into the abandonment of the duty imposed upon them by the Constitution. What this duty is is clear. It is to take care that a party which has contrived to grasp power by a chance majority—convertible, as Lord SALISBURY has pointed out, by the transfer of 703 votes into a minority—shall not use it to force upon the nation a revolutionary change in its political system upon which its opinion has never been taken.

We need not follow Lord SALISBURY in detail through his review of the elaborate safeguards by which other "democratically governed countries" have in their "constitutional statutes" protected themselves against the precise piece of sharp practice which our priests of democracy propose to perpetrate at the expense of their idol. Suffice it to say, in sum, that there is no Constitution in Europe, not even of the newest or of the most insignificant State, which is not provided with tenfold better securities in this matter than is the oldest Parliamentary polity in the world. That our own has thus far been able to dispense with these formally established safeguards is solely due to the strength of those very traditions which the modern Radical despises and, whenever he dares to do so, defies. His pretended preference for our own "unwritten Constitution" merely means that he prefers to play a game which has no printed rules, but proceeds upon an honourable understanding that the players will play it fairly. He is now showing in what sort of respect he holds this understanding by his noisy claim to take up a trick which he has not yet won. Fortunately, however, though the rules are unwritten, it is in the power of his adversaries, in this instance at any rate, to compel him to conform to them. The legislative veto of the House of Lords affords, it is true, the sole means of thus compelling him; but, for practical purposes, sole is here sufficient. If we cannot insure ourselves as effectively as some other nations against constitutional changes of doubtful wisdom, we can at least prevent them from being carried out by fraud. If the result of enforcing a special appeal to the constituencies on the question of Home Rule should be to elicit an approval of the policy by a narrow majority, the situation would doubtless be far from a satisfactory one; for it would still be substantially describable in the forcible words applied by Lord SALISBURY to our present case. We should then, as now, have to tell the Ulster Loyalists that the sub-

jection they detest "is to be forced upon them by a "handful of votes"; which is, as he adds, equivalent to telling them "that the caprice of to-day may "well be cancelled by the repentance of to-morrow," thus ensuring a perpetuity of conflict during which all former acrimony will steadily become more bitter, and the divisions which have lasted so long will grow deeper and more implacable. We are justified, however, in hoping that, with all but the most ignorant and unfit class of electors, this very consideration will have a determining influence on their verdict. In any case, it will be a verdict on the isolated issue of Home Rule, and not a mere jumble of half a dozen findings on the merits of half a dozen fads. And the attempt to palm off the jumble of findings as the single verdict is a trick so grossly dishonest that, in the mere interest of political morals, and all question of Imperial policy apart, it is the plain duty of the House of Lords to defeat it.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LECTURE.

IN delivering the first ROMANES Lecture at Oxford, Mr. GLADSTONE was hampered by a subject infinitely too large for a single address. It was nominally on Mediæval Universities, itself a huge theme, but Mr. GLADSTONE began long before Universities, and came down to University Extension. No one can sketch the whole history of Universities in a single hour, not if he had a voice of bronze. But the object of popular lectures is to let people see a person in whom they are interested, and hear his voice. An American critic vouches for having carried away, out of years of lectures, no more information than could be written on the back of an envelope. We do not know whether Mr. GLADSTONE'S audience could record all the new lore which they acquired on a postcard, but, at all events, they saw and heard a remarkable exhibition of physical vigour.

Mr. GLADSTONE began with the senility of the Roman Empire, the reconstruction of life by the Church; then he touched lightly on CHARLEMAGNE and the School of the Palace, on the myth of ALFRED, which, like the flowers that grow in the spring, "has nothing "to do with the case." Then he explained the original meaning of *Universitas*, a name unintentionally prophetic of universality of studies. The University "was "not only a complement, but also, in some limited "sense, the rival of the Church." The sense was almost unlimited in some cases. The orthodox and persecuting LINDORES, for instance, began lecturing against Lollardism at St. Andrews. Bishops approved, and Popes sent Bulls to confirm the University. The old learning and orthodoxy were to be taught, not the new heretical criticism and the dangerous Greek. But the University, especially in St. Leonard's College, took its own way, and became a nurse of heretics, a platform for PATRICK HAMILTON and KNOX. The child of the Church, brought up to be her defence, became her enemy, and greatly contributed to her destruction in Scotland. Ecclesiastics founded St. Andrews. "The regal authority," according to Mr. GLADSTONE, founded Bologna. There was, in creating Universities, a competition of lay and ecclesiastical forces; but, "according to the principle of old English "law, the University, as such, was a lay, and not an "ecclesiastical, foundation"—whereat the audience applauded. Mr. GLADSTONE does not seem to have gone into details about the influence of Paris or the ideas of WALTER DE MERTON. He had a good deal to say about the Franciscans and Dominicans at Oxford; but he who would really understand that age must study it in the works of Mr. BOASE and Mr. MAXWELL LYTE. The struggles of the town for municipal emancipation from the University, so interesting to Mr.

J. R. GREEN, did not engage Mr. GLADSTONE'S eloquence. He spoke in praise of Paris, and he allowed Cambridge to meditate on her comparative youth and early insignificance. On these matters the Memoirs of JOHN MAJOR, the old Scottish historian, contain much curious and useful information. In estimating the numbers of students at Oxford in the thirteenth century, Mr. GLADSTONE dismissed the myth that there were 15,000 at one time, and did not mention the wilder theory that there were 30,000. In 1209 he supposed that there were 3,000, and a turbulent set they were, being equally good at the "grey-goose "shaft" and the "handy stroke." After the end of the fourteenth century, as Mr. MAXWELL LYTE shows, Lollardism and constant civil war had a paralysing effect on Oxford. She recovered about the dawn of the Renaissance, when ERASMUS was a visitor; but then came the rowdiness of the Reformation. Books were torn up and made into blanchers for driving deer, by one Mr. GRENDEL, a sporting undergraduate. Manuscripts with illuminations and miniatures were hacked to pieces, on the suspicion of Popish idolatry. The patronage of ELIZABETH, of JAMES I., of CHARLES, and more quiet times, encouraged learning, though GIORDANO BRUNO found the Dons very drowsy—*dormitantes*. Oxford did not produce the heroes of the Reformation; the martyrs whose monument is outside Balliol were Cambridge men. LAUD was her true son; BACON, MILTON, NEWTON are such names as Oxford has not to show. Mr. GLADSTONE paid a graceful tribute to Cambridge, with her philosophers and poets, down to TENNYSON. Why they all happened to go to Cambridge is a problem which cannot be satisfactorily explained, at least from the point of view of Oxford. HENRY MORE is a poor offset to all the Cambridge glories, and SHELLEY, with Mr. SWINBURNE and Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, does not make up a poetical renown equal to that of the sister-University. We know why cricketers go more to Cambridge, but this theory does not apply to the cases of MILTON, DRYDEN, BYRON, BACON, TENNYSON, NEWTON, and the rest. However, GIBSON was a Magdalene man. The eighteenth century was very clerical at Oxford, and Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to have no exalted opinion of Jacobite Churchmen. On the other hand, WYCLIFFE and LAUD were worth being proud of; but Mr. GLADSTONE hedged against the charge of sympathizing with LAUD'S politics. Now, if Mr. GLADSTONE had lived in King CHARLES'S day, he would have started in life as a Laudian; but how he would have ended, and exactly when he would have been found in the camp of FAIRFAX or CROMWELL, is a subtle point in hypothetical biography. He concluded with some remarks on the desirableness of research and the impropriety of "contracting to turn out machines "of so many horse-power" (if horse is the right animal; there are donkey machines) "rather than to form "character." *Dominus illuminatio mea* entered into the peroration, to which we would humbly add *Stet fortuna domus*.

LORD ROSEBERY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

THE reception which has been given both abroad and at home to Lord ROSEBERY'S second deliverance on the subject of Uganda should decidedly encourage him in the more excellent way which that deliverance indicated. The enemies of Great Britain abroad have received it with a sort of spiteful resignation, as who should say, "After all they have not forgotten *rejere imperio populos*"; and though among a certain section of Lord ROSEBERY'S own party at home it has been received with very little resignation and a great deal of spite, that need not trouble him or

the wiser of his colleagues. The chief mistake to avoid, as it seems to us, is the mistake of dwelling too offensively on the contrast which an improved policy will present with that which his leader pursued when Lord GRANVILLE's amiable indolence recoiled from the task of enlightening that leader's profound want of knowledge. Lord GREY, in the very well-meant and in some ways capital letter which he contributed to the *Times* of Monday, seems to have fallen a little too much into the error of "rubbing it in." To those Gladstonians who, even if they are not ready to stand in a white sheet for Khartoum, are unwilling to repeat the fault in reference to the north bank of the Victoria Nyanza, we should ourselves gladly extend an act of oblivion. There are plenty of subjects remaining on which we are ready to fight with them, stripped to the shirt and with any weapons—subjects on which we know very well that no compromise or act of oblivion is possible. But we have always been willing to admit that the strange attitude which they (and some of their party before it was split) have assumed towards the major patrimony of ST. GEORGE was an accident and an error. It has generally been recognized, not merely by the humaner but by the wiser class of divines, that it is bad policy to dwell too much on the former sins of the sinner if you wish him to abandon them.

So far as things at present stand, and unless some of the evil influences which exist contrive to fix themselves on Mr. GLADSTONE's mind, we see no reason why even the present Cabinet should commit an irretrievable fault in Uganda. They have given themselves time, and they have carefully guarded against committing themselves to any one course of action at the end of that time. It is quite certain that, if any of them chooses to examine the evidence impartially, he not only may, but must, convince himself of the danger and disgrace which wait upon evacuation, of the ease with which a sufficient hold can be kept upon what their one man who does know admits to be the key of the position in East Central Africa. Lord BRASSEY's moderate and sensible letter of Monday shows them what qualified unofficial supporters of their own think, and the utterances on the other side are not of a character to alarm them. Indeed we note, with satisfaction, a tendency on that side to "back down" which has only to be encouraged. Cabinet Ministers, we know, are busy, and the rigid abstention which they show towards the subjects of their colleagues' departments is one of their most amiable virtues, and one on which they most justly pride themselves. But there can be nothing wrong in a Cabinet Minister reading his newspaper at breakfast; and the sin of reading a book after dinner is not mortal. The letters recently published in the *Times* on Uganda and Father OHRWALDER's book, which we review elsewhere, on the results of withdrawal in the more Northern Soudan, will put any Cabinet Minister in a position to judge, and unless the fire of anti-Jingo fanaticism burn very brightly in him, or his capacity for estimating evidence be preternaturally low, he can hardly come to more than one decision. We have taken note of most of the comments on the matter from time to time, and we shall only say here that Mr. STANLEY's letter of this week may be said to be decisive on the geographico-political side. We have never been mealy-mouthed in criticizing Mr. STANLEY's ways and methods; but his knowledge is a different thing, and no man living is his equal in knowledge of the region comprised in the Congo Free State and the Eastern British "sphere." When he says, in answer to Mr. SILVA WHITE and others, that the French (to mention nobody else) can make it impossible for us to re-occupy Uganda if we cease to hold it, he says what all who have studied the subject with competence and

without *parti pris* know to be true, and what no single man can say with more authority.

But this is not Lord ROSEBURY's only opportunity. In the matter of the Behring and Okhotsk Sea sealers he is, indeed, likely to find the way smoothed for him in a manner which, unless his brains be much overestimated, he is not likely to mistake. The freaks of Captain DE LEVRON, which have appropriately ended in an alleged attack of insanity, were, as we pointed out from the very first, rather unlikely to be seriously maintained by the employers whom he served so faithfully. The late English Government maintained an uncompromising attitude on the subject towards the Power from which Great Britain tolerates most liberties, and it was not at all probable that greater license would be given either to any other Power by that Government or the present. Although for decency's sake a minimized version of Captain DE LEVRON's piratical policemanship was published by the Russians, disavowal has had the way paved for it by the rumour about him; and later we have learnt that other sealers captured by another person have been released with a confession of the illegality of their seizure by the Russian authorities. This is all very pretty and pleasing. But, as we have already said, Lord ROSEBURY, unless his acuteness is much overrated, must be aware of the neighbourhood of a rat. So monstrous a claim as the exercising of shore rights scores, if not hundreds, of miles from shore, followed by such sweet reasonableness, would put even the youngest clerk at the Foreign Office on his guard. The occasion for being sweetly reasonable and conciliating with a view to the exhibition of perhaps not quite so sweet an unreasonableness elsewhere is too gratuitous.

Most people know where the "elsewhere" is. Up to the present moment, if any formal communications have been exchanged between the English and Russian Governments on the subject of the recent Russian raid on the Pamirs, the result of them has been kept religiously sealed. But it certainly is not for nothing that Russian semi-official and *plusquam* semi-official organs have taken a tone which is not so much suggestive as directly and unmistakably indicative of mischief. The apologies of a kind which were offered to Lord SALISBURY last year for the insults to British officers have given way to a cool assumption of the whole point at issue. The very persons who quote Lord GRANVILLE's agreement of twenty years ago proceed to construe that agreement in a fashion which makes it pure nonsense. It is an exaggeration, but not more than an allowable argumentative exaggeration, to say that the way in which this interpretation proceeds is very much as if in a delimitation agreement between Scotland and England, the ends of the line being fixed at the Solway and Berwick, the Scotch should contend that this permitted them to erect a triangle on that line, with its apex at Southampton, and to call the two sides of the triangle, and not the base, the frontier. Only by a piece of impudence of this sort (deriving the faintest of all possible colours from the usual division of "head-streams," so convenient to unscrupulous frontier arguers) can the Russians maintain the preposterous contention which, somehow or other, lands them in the immediate neighbourhood of the Baroghil and Darkot passes, scores of leagues to the south of the indicated, but undelimited, frontier of 1873.

It is here that Lord ROSEBURY has the greatest chance of showing that he knows how to put his foot down; but it is here also that his greatest difficulties lie. They will not come from Russia; despite the extraordinary mass of gold which that half-bankrupt Power is accumulating, she is very unlikely, after years of famine, fever, and cholera, to attempt an invasion of India by herself, or to expose herself to attack from

Germany, Austria, and perhaps Turkey, with the doubtful assistance of France. But she will undoubtedly do all she can, either in bold grabbing or stubborn keeping hold, if she meets with any such attitude as met her in the Penjeh business. And, if she cannot exactly get her way and annex the Pamirs, she will try to leave the question open once more for another grab another time. It is probable, as we have before pointed out, that, if she is met firmly, the cession of a small part of what she once regarded (as Sir JOHN ADYE's testimony has just reminded Englishmen) as the "independent" khanates of Roshan and Shignan would induce her to consent to the line of the Murghab proper, than which nothing else ought to be accepted. This is the line including the Victoria Lake, retaining to England, Afghanistan, or China (it does not matter) the Great, Little, and other Pamirs, and establishing a belt of these inhospitable, but not uninhabitable, highlands, nearly a hundred miles broad, between Russian territory and the gates of India. The obstacles to Lord ROSEBURY's doing what ought to have been done any time these twenty years lie in England, and in the same section of his own party which is grumbling at the retention of Uganda. The weight of prejudice—of the foolish old prejudice which attaches to old names, though the circumstances are quite altered—will be more against him here; but there is no reason why he should not get the better of it in both cases. And if he succeeds, he will have done a very good work indeed.

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT.

IT would promote the justification of the compliments not infrequently paid to that noble body the Solicitors of England if those of them who are concerned in the defence of notorious murderers would occasionally refrain from occupying the time between judgment and execution in sending to America for affidavits that somebody there believes the convict to have been at some time afflicted with insanity. It is, no doubt, a form of advertisement such as is fashionable nowadays, and advertisement may sometimes constitute the least unprofitable part—to the solicitors—of the whole proceedings. Nevertheless, the practice is unseemly in itself, and becoming monotonous. In the case of the convict NEILL, or CREAM, it seems unlikely that the alleged affidavits, whether they arrive before or after the date fixed for his execution, or not at all, will make any difference to anybody. The man might be useful as an illustration of the fact which medical men seem to find it so hard to understand, and which lawyers and judges too seldom formulate in plain, unmistakable words—namely, that by the law of England persons who are to some extent mad may commit crimes, and be punished for them, even when the crime is murder and the punishment death. It is impossible to speculate usefully whether NEILL murdered prostitutes because he enjoyed doing so, and subsequently took the opportunity of trying to extort money because he happened to know of the murders, or whether he committed the murders solely in order to lay a foundation for attempts to extort money. It would seem that he must have had one or other of these sets of motives, or something between the two, or no motives at all. To have no motives at all, or none that any one else can understand, is hardly distinguishable from madness, or at any rate idiocy. And in the first of the cases suggested NEILL's conduct was so outrageous and so odd, and in the second so incomprehensibly foolish, that it might be argued rather more plausibly than it sometimes is that his mental condition was so morbid and exceptional that it is no great stretch of language to call him a madman. Yet no one in his senses would suggest, and,

as far as is known, no one has suggested except the hypothetical deposing Americans, that NEILL ought not to be hanged. Mad or sane, he completely fulfilled the legal conditions of criminality. He knew what he was doing, he knew it was wrong, and against the law, and there is not the least reason to suppose that he did it by reason of any irresistible impulse which no external circumstances would have checked. Therefore he is a murderer, and being convicted will be hanged, and under the circumstances no one will in the least lament his execution.

A part of the evidence in NEILL's case has given a legitimate opportunity to Sir HENRY THOMPSON to renew his plaints for further and better regulation of death. Put shortly, Sir HENRY's contention is, that certificates of death are frequently written and signed without sufficient investigation of the circumstances. He, therefore, recommends the appointment of qualified official persons, by whom alone such certificates should be given, and who, acting according to rules duly made in that behalf, should be able to give their whole time to this duty, and would, in almost every case of death that was at all suspicious, find out that it was suspicious. No doubt this proposal sounds unobjectionable and sensible enough, and so it would be, if we lived only for the purposes of efficient police, and if the detection of crime were the only subject of serious interest for civilized men. As things are, however, it would be well before committing oneself to the support of Sir HENRY's scheme to ask oneself whether it is worth while to endeavour, at the proposed cost, to secure the proposed object. For, after all, wicked though we are, and stimulating as seems to be the effect of educational progress upon the graver forms of crime, most people still die under circumstances that are not in the least suspicious. They manage it much better in France, says Sir HENRY. Yes; but are we sure that we want to be quite as much governed as the French are? It will undoubtedly "add a new terror to death"—for the survivors—if no one is to be allowed to die without having satisfied a Government inspector that it is all right. Suppose that three or four times in a year suspicion was aroused a little sooner than it otherwise would have been, and that once a year (a liberal estimate) a person was brought to trial who would otherwise have escaped suspicion. Is it quite certain that such results would, on a balance of public convenience, make up for the annoyance and expense of submitting everybody to the inquisition of a new official class? If Sir HENRY's proposal comes to be seriously considered as a practical question, it will be well that these suggestions should not be left out of sight.

While we are reminded by the trial of NEILL that, civilization and the like notwithstanding, crimes of the utmost wantonness and cruelty do not appear to be diminishing in frequency, it may not be amiss to take notice of a much less serious subject, but still one of real importance, the tendency to lawless violence which always needs to be kept in check among a considerable section of the population. Two cases disposed of before stipendiary magistrates on Monday are of the kind as to which one would like to hear something in justification of the sentences passed. Two men named RUMBALL and BUTT, aged respectively twenty and twenty-two, were summoned at the Marylebone Court for assault. It is said that both were drunk, and "pushed against women passing along the road." Among others, they jostled a Mrs. HENDERSON, who "remonstrated"; whereupon the prisoners "immediately set about her with clenched fists. Mrs. COFFEE tried to render her assistance, "and then the prisoner RUMBALL assaulted her." Mrs. HENDERSON, who was expecting her confinement a week later, was confined the next day; and for the assault on her BUTT was remanded. But RUMBALL, for

the assault on Mrs. COFFEE, was fined 40s., with the alternative of one month's hard labour. Mr. COOKE, who is a magistrate of much experience, may have been well assured that, as we sincerely hope was the case, RUMBALL could not pay 40s., or get it paid for him; but it does seem an extremely light penalty for hustling and assaulting respectable women in the street with such violence as to bring about premature confinement. The other case is almost exactly like the "scuttling" which has made many streets in Manchester and neighbouring towns absolutely unsafe, and has culminated in several very serious crimes, and at least one recent murder. Three youths of eighteen and nineteen, who were said by the police to belong "to a midnight gang" of roughs infesting the Peckham Road, against "whom there had been frequent complaints of violent conduct," were seen shortly after midnight "knocking two women about." The police came up, and one WELLS informed them that he had seen the assault. "Hearing this, the prisoners and others surrounded the prosecutor, knocked him down, and kicked him in a brutal manner." The penalty inflicted by Mr. HOPKINS was one month's hard labour. Unless the report of the evidence is very much exaggerated, this sentence, too, seems unduly lenient. A few days later the incorrigible Recorder of LIVERPOOL gave another illustration of how leniency to prisoners may be caricatured to the point of absurdity. He let off with a month an habitual thief named CAWLEY, who pleaded that he must be mad, because he snatched watches by daylight in the public street.

IRELAND.

A LORD-LIEUTENANT of Ireland takes few, if any, official steps without the advice of his Chief Secretary, and Lord HOUGHTON is not precisely the kind of Lord-Lieutenant who might be expected to innovate on the practice of his predecessors. Otherwise we should have been inclined to think that the exceedingly and gratuitously unwise rule which he has made with respect to the presentation of addresses had its origin in the Viceregal rather than in the Ministerial brain. Undoubtedly it has more of the youthful ruler about it than of the experienced adviser, who is not usually given to increasing the number of the administrative difficulties which await him by another of his own creation. Why Mr. MORLEY should have gone out of his way to aggravate inevitable friction by varying a practice which seems to have been perfectly acceptable to so staunch a Home Ruler as the VICEROY under whom he formerly served we are utterly at a loss to imagine. Surely, if Lord ABERDEEN found nothing unbecoming his constitutional position as the QUEEN's representative in the reception of loyal addresses containing expressions of attachment to a system under which Viceroys have governed Ireland in the name of the Sovereign for the last ninety years, Lord HOUGHTON might have followed the precedent without seriously compromising himself. These sudden sticklers for this exaggerated theory of constitutionalism, who are at the same time committed to a measure which, if it takes the outward form of the mere repeal of a statute, is as nearly revolutionary in constitutional substance as any Act of formally regular legislation can well be, are making themselves just a little ridiculous. And the particular phrases in which the LORD-LIEUTENANT has been inspired by his CHIEF SECRETARY to instruct his private secretary to word his refusal to accept the latest of these addresses of welcome—that from the Committee of the Methodist Church—are not particularly well chosen. The Union, after all, has the not inconsiderable claim to constitutional recognition of

being the system "in possession"; and if loyal subjects of the QUEEN are to be forbidden, on the grounds alleged by the VICEROY, to signify their attachment to it, some rather curious consequences will follow. The mere fact that the maintenance of any national institution is, or can be represented as being, "a matter of acute party controversy" hardly justifies the conclusion that it is a constitutional impropriety to approach the Sovereign, or her representative, with an expression of the hope that it may be maintained. Or if so, we shall next hear of a Gladstonian Viceroy refusing to receive an address expressing affection for the Constitution itself, on the ground that the existence of the House of Lords has been made the subject of "acute controversy" by the party of Mr. LABOUCHERE.

Let us pass, however, from this wantonly-created difficulty of the new Government to those which their own character and antecedents have inevitably prepared for them. That these last are increasing in gravity they may learn—or might, if they were teachable, and did not prefer to dismiss their teachers as interested alarmists—from the experiences detailed at the recent annual meeting of the Cork Defence Union, presided over by Mr. SMITH BARRY. Boycotting, as was only natural, is reviving with the return to office of the revered apologist for that detestable practice. An unhappy woman who was unpatriotic enough to show some kindness to the sick wife of one of the caretakers of the Union has been unable to get her corn threshed. Black flags have been stuck up about her farm to warn people off it; one of her children has been beaten; her donkey's leg has been broken; and the drinking water of her well has been polluted. It has again become a source of danger to execute legal process. Mr. TOWER TOWNSHEND related that, immediately after one such attempted enforcement of the law, a meeting was held by the priests of the neighbourhood, when one of their number practically advocated the battering out of the brains of the man who had endeavoured to carry out the eviction. Following upon this, threatening letters had been received by his mother and brothers and himself, containing villanous threats. The speaker himself was under police protection, and a friend of his was warned "not to go about with Mr. TOWNSHEND, as he was going to be shot." Another speaker testified to having seen within the last three days cowardly threatening letters addressed to a widow, and containing the usual pictures of coffins, with the warning legend on each, "You must not think the Land League is dead." And many shopkeepers, added another witness, Sir GEORGE COLTHURST, are already unpleasantly aware of that fact. They are at present "shivering with fear" between their unwillingness to subscribe to illegal operations and their knowledge that, in accordance with the recent Convention, a house-to-house canvass would be made, and that every species of intimidation would be employed to make them subscribe. These, it will be said by the glib Gladstonians, are merely the lamentations of landlords; and that is true, and has to be allowed for. We ought not to forget, in other words, that they are only the allegations of men who are in the best position to know the truth of the facts to which they depose, and whose statement has no other antecedent probability than that which it derives from the proposition that similar causes produce similar effects.

At another meeting, held on the same day as the above, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Irish Landlords Convention, the constitution and powers of Mr. MORLEY's Commission called forth some criticism of a searching kind. Mr. SMITH BARRY, in particular, did good service in exposing the hollowness of that pretence of legality on which the appointment of the Commission was originally founded. It was contended

by Mr. MORLEY that the step had become necessary by reason of the failure of the 13th section of the Land Purchase Act of last Session to attain its desired end—that is to say, to induce landlords and their evicted tenants to enter voluntarily into agreement with each other for the sale and purchase of the holdings from which the latter have been displaced. But, in the first place, it is an exaggeration to talk of the failure of a legislative provision under which as many as one hundred agreements have been arrived at on one estate alone in the county of Cork. In the next place, if its imperfect success proves anything at all, it simply shows, as Mr. SMITH BARRY has pointed out, that the ex-tenants have been buoyed up by extravagant hopes; and it is precisely such hopes as these that the appointment of the Commission is most obviously calculated to foster. On the whole, however, it seems to us that Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD tendered wise advice to his fellow-landlords in recommending them “to lay before the Commission all the information in their power.” We quite agree with him that nothing in the least resembling impartiality is to be expected from the body of unblushingly selected partisans, presided over by an inadequately empowered judge, to which Mr. MORLEY has deputed the task of ascertaining—not which, and whether any, of the evicted tenants should be readmitted to their holdings, but—what measures should be adopted for their reinstatement. Nevertheless, it would be merely facilitating the consummation of a high-handed act of administrative wrong to ignore this packed tribunal altogether, and to allow even a foregone judgment to go, at least technically speaking, “by default.” Something, if not much, will be gained by bringing clearly into view the fact that these humble servants of the humble servant of the Irish agitator have it in commission to reward a conspiracy of contract-breakers by putting them in possession of the object for which they conspired. The exposure may not awaken the public conscience in this country, but it will, at least, leave it without any excuse in the ignorance of the public mind.

DUMB STATESMANSHIP.

LORD ROSEBERY appears to have opened his mind to the fact that even the House of Lords has its uses. If he were not a peer he would not be Foreign Minister. He has not said this in so many words, but it is plainly implied in some sentences of his speech on Monday to the Master and the Elder Brethren of Trinity House—no longer, we may assume, at least when Lord ROSEBERY is addressing them, “the old dull fellows” of PEPPY’S Diary. He declared it to be his honest opinion that “the best Foreign Secretary is a dumb Foreign Secretary.” We fear that this sentiment leans towards the wicked doctrine of secret diplomacy. However this may be, it appears, from Lord ROSEBERY’S description of it, that the House of Lords is an admirable place for a Minister to hold his tongue in. It has little to do, and as little to say, until August, owing to the dilatory proceedings of the House of Commons; and then it has no time to say or do anything. It is not a place where, girt by friends or foes, a man may say the thing he wills. But it is a place where, similarly surrounded, a man may not say the thing he does not want to say. A dumb Foreign Secretary would be an impossibility in the House of Commons. He would be on his legs in question-time every ten minutes. The most delicate investigations into details of foreign policy would be indelicately pursued. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who is supposed by himself and others to have been an Attaché in every Court of Europe, would revel in cross-examination. Even Mr.

STORY, or Mr. COBB, if proverbial wisdom is as wise as it is proverbially reported to be, might put questions which Lord ROSEBERY would find it difficult to answer. Our Parliamentary system, which has been variously described as government by public meeting and government by debate, has become government by question. This latest phase in the development of our constitutional system is illustrated by the fact that the House, usually empty at all other times, is always full during question-time. A member who is incapable of putting two sentences together orally can hand any number of questions to the clerk at the table for insertion in the notice-paper. There are Ministers of the second order in the Cabinet as well as outside of it, who, not being allowed to take part in debate, can only make their existence apparent by answering questions, which they are believed themselves to suggest to confederates in the quest for notoriety on the Opposition benches or below the gangway on their own side of the House.

Not much harm beyond waste of time and the degradation of the character of the House of Commons to a point a little below the ordinary Vestry level comes from this practice as it is pursued now. The Home Secretary exists as a sort of lightning-conductor, to direct Parliamentary curiosity from graver and more embarrassing questions to the arbitrary conduct of Policeman X 999, in arresting Mr. TOBY CRATCHIT with a dark lantern and a jemmy at night in a suburban front garden, or to the outrageous sentence passed upon Mr. JOHN DAWKINS, who had been wronged by thirteen previous convictions, for a trifling theft. The Home Secretary, who in the unreformed Parliament, and in the first years of the reformed Parliament, was as often as not a peer, has during the last half-century always been a member of the House of Commons. In like manner, the Foreign Secretary, who previous to 1832 was as often a commoner as a peer, has since that time, with only one very conspicuous exception, been a member of the House of Lords. The Home Secretary is in the Commons for the better heckling of him. The Foreign Secretary is in the Lords that he may be beyond the reach of the PAUL PRYS of Parliament. Lord PALMERSTON carried the tradition of the pre-Reform era into the post-Reform period; he was a master of the art of baffling inquiry, and of answering questions so as to leave them unanswered. Lord JOHN RUSSELL was Foreign Secretary because it was necessary to humour him, as a child is humoured who “won’t play” unless he is allowed to take the part he chooses in the game. Lord STANLEY’S brief tenure of the office, under his father’s Premiership, was a family arrangement, which transferred the Foreign Office to 33 St. James’s Square. With these exceptions, the Foreign Minister has since 1832, and indeed for some years previously, been invariably a peer. The accident of personal capacity or the toss-up of Ministerial combinations has had nothing to do with the arrangement. It has been adopted to remove the Foreign Minister from the danger of those explosive utterances from which Lord ROSEBERY thinks the only escape is in complete silence. To seek information from him is like striking a match in a mine saturated with gas, or exploring a gunpowder factory with a lighted candle. An Under-Secretary in the House of Commons damps everything safely down. The watery creature cannot explode. He reads the cut-and-dried answer which has been put into his hands, and, when further explanation is asked, he requests, with an air of statesmanlike reserve, that notice be given of that question. The House of Lords is in England, as indeed the Senate is in the United States, the indispensable condition of a foreign policy.

MR. BALFOUR ON BIMETALLISM.

MR. BALFOUR'S faith in bimetallism has been proclaimed on several occasions in recent years, but never previously with such fulness and clearness and conviction as in his address on Thursday at the Town Hall of Manchester. Both the scene and the audience were worthy of so serious and interesting a presentation of the views of bimetallists. The question of a double standard as against the single gold standard is no longer, as Mr. BALFOUR rightly urged, a question of purely academic interest. The question is one that is agitating commercial centres everywhere in the country, and is of extreme importance to the manufacturers of Lancashire. When Mr. BALFOUR asserted that the subject of bimetallism vitally affected the prosperity of the great industries of Lancashire, he was representing the opinion of the great body of manufacturers. Dealing, in the first place, with the scientific view of political economists, and the charge of economic heresy brought against bimetallists, Mr. BALFOUR proceeded to show that he did not quarrel with those who held the orthodox views on the subject through a very natural and possibly exaggerated respect for high economic authorities. He sympathized also with their profound respect for those who had devoted their time to a scientific analysis of the problem. But he also respected the facts of political economy, and argued that these were entirely favourable to his contention that a bimetallic standard is perfectly sound, practicable, and desirable. The objectors to bimetallism were wrong, he argued, in affirming that international agreement can determine the relative value of gold and silver. Facts and experience, Mr. BALFOUR declared, were contrary to this doctrine. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, in his address to the London Chamber of Commerce this week, spoke strongly on the other side. He held that at the present time the production of gold, as compared with the production of silver, was such that it would be impossible, even by international agreement, to maintain the par of exchange. But Sir JOHN LUBBOCK forgot, Mr. BALFOUR remarked, that for thirty years before the great gold discovery the ratio of production between the two metals was almost exactly what it is now. Yet there was not the slightest difficulty, Mr. BALFOUR observed, during those thirty years "even from the action of the 'Latin Union' in maintaining the par of exchange at the point fixed by the Latin Union.

Thus, whatever objections there may be to bimetallism, Mr. BALFOUR is convinced that the impossibility of maintaining an exchange par between gold and silver is not one of them. The policy of the Latin Union, carried out for a long period of time, disproves this view. But if, as Mr. BALFOUR thinks, bimetallism is practicable, he appears to be yet more confident in his demonstration that it is desirable. He insisted, with great force, upon the evil of the progressive appreciation of gold, which, in some fifteen years, has amounted to over thirty per cent., and the end of which no man can foresee. Of all currency systems, that is the very worst which gives a standard that is steadily, indefinitely, continuously appreciating. Such is Mr. BALFOUR's contention with regard to the gold standard. No one doubts that this appreciation of gold and the depreciation of silver are producing mischievous effects on commerce and on finance. There is a growing belief among the manufacturers that there is something in bimetallism—if not an absolute cure or restoration—which would improve matters all round. In these circumstances, with Mr. BALFOUR's authority enlisted on the side of bimetallism, the time has arrived for the reconsideration of the whole question in the light of present emergencies and past experience.

RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

A CAUSTIC little book has just appeared in St. Petersburg which attempts with smart banter to damp the "cocksureness" of that advanced school in the Russian cavalry which prides itself on the innovations it has introduced, and claims credit as being alike wiser and more enterprising than its forefathers. It has been occasionally whispered that such a school (or shall we call it "a ring"?) exists even in these isles, and that it also cannot see any merit in "the brave days of old," any more than can the Russian sabreurs. But in Russia an old man eloquent has summoned up courage to set the youngsters in their places, and *An Old Man's Words to our Cavalry* may supply others besides his immediate audience with food for reflection. For it is not in their own country alone that some of the feats of the reformers have excited feelings of surprise and doubt. The importance which has been attached to fire effect amongst the squadrons of the Czar has been carried to such an excess of late that the Russian dragoons have been equipped with a bayonet, and bid fair to deteriorate into little more than mounted riflemen. Admirers of the *arme blanche*, who would nourish and encourage the dash and precision of movement of their squadrons as being the very foundations of cavalry efficiency, have in all countries viewed this innovation with suspicion, and have stoutly combated the tendencies which have not failed to spread encouraged by so salient an example as Russia has lately set. This matter of equipment and the employment of large masses of the arm to make an attack with musketry has, however, now effectually roused the admirers of true cavalry, and is regarded by them as the most dangerous form which the new mania for change has assumed; while there are other achievements by which the young officers in Russia have attempted to signalize themselves which have also caused the gorges of the older men to rise in wrath. The bright pages which now turn their powers of ridicule to support the seniors are based on an account of the manner in which soldiering was conducted in the cavalry in the days of the Emperor Nicholas; from which it is duly shown that many of the epoch-making feats and innovations of the most modern school in Russia had been performed equally well by their predecessors years ago, even if they had made less noise about their performances. Some of the most recent fads which have taken possession of men's minds on the Continent, and especially that one which just now so absorbs Russian officers—namely, the swimming of rivers by cavalry—have, it appears, all had their day formerly too, and their return now is but in the nature of a periodical recurrence whose disappearance must necessarily soon follow on its advent. The author girds especially at the professors who elaborate systems for the field, seated in comfortable chairs at green-covered tables in their studies, and the pedants who regard theory with more affection than practice. The blackboard and the lecturer come in for their share of ridicule in more places than in Russia, and the "bookish theoretic" was held in contempt by one General Othello, ere ever a Cossack squadron was set in the field at all. If a man can learn his work in the school of active service, he need never think of quitting it for any other, and the knowledge he acquires there will be none of it superfluous or over-refined. But if you cannot see a thing actually done, or cannot try to do it yourself, the wisest plan, if you wish to know how to set about a new business, is to ask some one, who has achieved the difficulty, how he acted. The experience of these men is therefore stored in books, and he who will not avail himself of the help thus offered him is in the position of the puzzled wayfarer who does not know the road himself, and yet is in too great a hurry to read the signpost or inquire of a passer-by. The chaff which is levelled at the studious section of Russian soldiers is, therefore, sometimes a little undeserved, and is occasionally wide of the mark, and certain men who have done the State some service, both valuable and disinterested, are unjustly sneered at through the thin veil of disguise which shrouds their names. The scoffer calls loudly for good serviceable regiments and quick capable men to lead them on to victory. That, too, is all the professor in his lecture-room is asking for and endeavouring to obtain. A man is none the worse for some knowledge acquired by study over and above the advantages with which Nature, or perhaps the force of circumstances, has endowed him, and the man who prides himself on being practical usually shows that his practice consists in asking

advice from his better-informed comrade when anything outside the sphere of the ordinary routine has to be accomplished. In these days of alliances and arbitrations, how are the capable men to be unearthed if actual hostilities are to form the only genuine criterion? And in times of peace must not regiments and squadrons be trained according to the experiences which, in the absence of newer methods cropping up daily under fire, must hold the field? One must not, however, look for too severe logic from a critic who will amuse us, and a quarrel may be a very pretty one for the onlookers without their examining too nicely into the question as to which side is supported by justice. It will afford us a little passing amusement to note in the present one some bits of information that the scuffle has let loose, and the glimpse of how the Russian cavalry officer's day was passed in the good old days is worth taking advantage of. It would certainly appear at least that the apprentices were not idle at that epoch; and, leaving the question of their superiority or otherwise to modern horsemen altogether out of sight, it will be admitted that it was not through indolence that they did not attain perfection. An extract culled from a memoir of General Baron Offenberg II. tells us that just before the Hungarian campaign a Russian cavalry officer's day was thus filled up even in winter.

In these days of eight hours' labour, when every man is to do as he will, and there is to be glory in abundance without preliminary drudgery, it will appear enough to precipitate the mutiny of a whole army when we learn that all the officers and men had to appear as early as 6 o'clock A.M. to hear reveille sounded with many flourishes, and that, too, carefully attired as befitted the momentous occasion. This performance over, we presume our hero was allowed to go to breakfast, for it is difficult to see when he could otherwise have obtained any; but at 8 o'clock the dismounting of the guard took place, and that function, which was conducted with the most elaborate ceremonial every second day of the week, would have been incomplete without the presence of all who held a commission. Hardly had he got rid of the guard, however, when at 9 o'clock more pomp and circumstance demanded his presence, and church parade, a most imposing spectacle, was rehearsed with the minuteness of detail due to it. Church parade fitly prepared his mind for the solemn and stately slow march which all the officers had to practise, as though they had been recruits at the goose-step, from half-past 9 till 11 o'clock.

At the latter hour he was expected to present himself at the riding-school and take part for an hour in an officer's ride, and that exercise, it is to be noted, meant more then in Russia than it does at Hounslow or Aldershot to-day. At noon he found himself again on his feet, drilling with his squadron dismounted till 1 o'clock. The next hour was occupied by the close inspection of the squadron, and it was *de rigueur* that all its officers should then again be in their places. Even at 2 o'clock the dinner hour was by no means necessarily respected, although usually between that hour and four men were allowed to rest and eat. We read, however, that very often sword exercises had to be undertaken, or the squadron again drilled as if mounted, for the condition of the horses, if not of the men, was a matter of moment, and they were left at home. Their physical development having been thus cared for, attention was now directed to the intellectual side of the officer's training. At four o'clock a staff officer lectured on the theoretical aspects of the art military, or the regulations were studied and expatiated on at the regimental club. When mind and body had been thus improved, it will be supposed that tired nature was allowed to seek a well-earned rest. But another treat was yet in store for these model troopers, and at a quarter before nine they were again assembled at the main guard to hear "Retreat" sonorously proclaimed, and to take part in more ceremonials without which the day would not have been completely fulfilled. At Warsaw, where the Archduke Constantine Paulovitch was in command, the routine even in winter was still more severe. The great man was up at four in summer and at six in winter, and was always waiting on parade when the guard mounted at nine o'clock. The officers who found themselves under the command of this Spartan might be found bumping round the riding-school immediately after reveille, or perhaps as late as nine o'clock at night. It will require much steady conservatism to contend that such a system as this was the best that could have been devised for the manufacture of generals; and the older methods of horse management are scarcely, too, beyond the reach of criticism. "Fat horses"

was the watchword in that golden prime, as even in these degenerate days it is with us. The less forage on which the due rotundity could be preserved the better, clearly, was it for both the pocket and the reputation of the commanding officer. Thus it came about the animals were kept still as much as possible, like fowls in a coop, and were only taken out to be moved gently up and down twice a week. The Emperor himself is said to have discovered and put a stop to such abuses by a simple experiment. In 1837, at one of his camps of exercise, he ordered an unexpected alarm to be given at daybreak, and summoned his regiments to assemble at the rendezvous with all possible speed for manoeuvre. The spectacle presented by the drill-ground in a few moments was more realistic than gratifying. The expanse was strewn with horses blown with the unaccustomed exertion, and many never rose up again. One regiment of dragoons is said to have left a hundred chargers on the disastrous field. It is, then, apparent that, amongst what we have to learn from our fathers, the art of how not to do it is also to be found, and that the modern Russian officer is not without that telling retort on his critics which refutes them out of their own mouth. And it must be confessed that they are entitled to a counterstroke, for the shafts directed at the self-praised heroes of the pen are sharpened by a practised hand, and fly perilously straight.

THE COLOURS OF THE NINETY-FIRST.

THE scene on the Castle Esplanade at Edinburgh when the Princess Louise presented the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders with new colours was singularly striking and picturesque. The occasion was a memorable one. The colours that were about to be retired commemorated the passing away of the old order of things in the regiment's history, and the closing scene was carried out with fitting impressiveness and solemnity. As the Highlanders swung through the old gateway from the Castle, and were formed into line on the Esplanade, every one in the vast crowd of spectators must have felt with Burns that "a tide of Scottish prejudice had been poured along his veins." Many of the historical and romantic associations that gather round Edinburgh are connected with the Highland clans; and the Esplanade, with the old Lawnmarket stretching away from it, and the Castle rock towering above, seemed a natural background for a scene expressive of all that is most inspiring in the country's military history. The trooping of colours is at all times an imposing ceremony, but on this occasion there was a peculiar impressiveness about it. Round the new colours associations cannot gather with the same glow of loyal devotion which attends those old and tattered and weather-stained flags that have been borne through the thickest of the fight. At the best they can be but symbols and memorials of past devotion and heroism. The sentiment may remain, but the strong personal link must be broken. As the old colours were borne aloft, between the lines of the regiment to the pipes playing a quick march of "The Campbells are Coming," all the passion and fire of the Highland race seemed embodied in these faded rags. Then, as the wild strains of the pipes died away, the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and slowly, solemnly, for the last time the colours were carried past the regiment whose fortunes they had shared and whose endurance and devotion they symbolized. Men and officers stood like a regiment turned to stone; but among the crowd were many old soldiers who saluted as the colours were carried past to the most moving of all strains. Then they were furled, and after the new colours had been consecrated with fitting solemnity, and presented by the Princess Louise, they were borne away, cased, and brought up in the rear of the regiment, the new colours being borne in front to the strains of the National Anthem.

The decision that was made some years ago, that colours should no longer be taken into battle, was perhaps a wise one. It certainly was not arrived at without much consultation with those most capable of giving an opinion. But when the then Secretary for War announced in the House of Commons, on July 29, 1881, that, in consequence of the altered formation of attack, and the extended range of fire, the colours should not in future be taken with the battalion on active service, but be left at the dépôt, an era

in regimental life passed away which can never be revived. The names on the old colours of the 91st—Corunna, Orthes, Peninsula, Vimiera, South Africa, and others—are emblazoned on the new flags, and their memory will not die. But the old personal devotion, stronger than death, sacred as honour, must enter upon a new phase. The state of things described by Venn in his *Military Observations*, quoted by Grose, has passed away for ever:—"There is an ancient president but fresh in memory, that in great defeats when armies have been overthrown, scattered, and dispersed. . . . Even then the ensign-bearer, being wounded and desperate of all relief, hath stripped his ensign from the staff, and wrapped or folded it about his body, and so perished with it. This ensign cannot be said to be lost, because the honour thereof was carried with his freed soul to Heaven to the possession of the Eternal Fort for ever: Now, in this particular the enemy cannot boast of any triumph then purchased more than any sexton may do when he robs the dead of his winding-sheet." Such a president did Lieutenants Coghill and Melvill follow in their desperate attempt to save the colours after the battle of Isandhlwana. It may be well for a country to forbid such sacrifices; it must be better for the individual to have made them.

A chivalrous instance of deference to this sentiment for the colours is recorded of the British troops after the gallant defence of Pondicherry made by the French under M. Bellacombé. The first deed of the conquerors on entering the town was to restore their colours to the garrison. In the retreat from Moscow the French officers in many instances burnt their eagles and drank the ashes, and there are various examples of the English getting rid of their colours (in a less melodramatic, though equally effectual, way), and thus depriving the victorious enemy of their well-earned trophies of triumph. But these times are past. One noticeable feature in the colours, which also may be subjected to change before long, is the Union wreath. After the Act of Union, new colours, in which the shamrock was inwoven with the rose and the thistle, had to be presented to all the regiments in the service. If Mr. Gladstone passes his Home Rule Bill, will new colours have to be issued once more to the army of a dismembered nation?

MONEY MATTERS.

EXTREME Protectionism, with the immense expenditure upon the army, navy, and public works, are disorganizing French finance, and it looks as if France were once more entering upon an era of large deficits. Early this year M. Rouvier, the Finance Minister, laid before the Chambers the Budget for next year, 1893. He estimated the total expenditure at very nearly 134 millions sterling, showing an apparent increase of about 3½ millions sterling compared with 1891. But to a very great extent the increase was due to the wise policy adopted by M. Rouvier of introducing into the ordinary Budget all the extraordinary expenditure which hitherto has been carried to separate accounts, and to an augmentation by nearly a million sterling of the Sinking Fund. M. Rouvier proposed to find the additional revenue required by raising the duty upon spirits. An agitation, however, soon afterwards sprang up for a larger outlay upon the navy and upon education, and the Minister of Finance found it necessary to yield, and he asked for additional credits amounting to over a million and a quarter sterling. Since then the Budget has been under consideration by the Budget Committee, and it has made so many alterations that practically the Finance Minister's scheme is totally changed. The taxes on what are called "hygienic" drinks, including wine and cider, are to be reduced more than M. Rouvier proposed, while the Minister is refused the means of checking fraudulent distillation, and probably, therefore, he will not get from the increased spirit duties anything like as much revenue as he anticipated. Furthermore, the augmentation of the Sinking Fund is rejected, and as a consequence the introduction into the ordinary Budget of the whole of the extraordinary expenditure falls to the ground. The outcome of the whole is that there is to be a considerably larger expenditure than the Minister estimated, while many of the new taxes will not be granted. An arrangement, however, has been come to between the Minister and the Committee, according to which an apparent equilibrium is established. But this is done, as already

said, by taking no account of a portion of the extraordinary expenditure which is to be defrayed as heretofore, by means of loans, while the Sinking Fund is not to be increased. There are short-dated bonds exceeding two millions sterling falling due next year, and the year following bonds amounting to about six millions sterling will fall due. Within two years, therefore, over eight millions sterling ought to be paid off by the Government, but no provision is made for doing so, and so they also will go to increase the floating debt. As the discussion of the Budget has not yet begun in the Chamber, it is, of course, impossible to foresee what its final form will be; but if the arrangement arrived at between the Minister and the Budget Committee is carried out, the probability at present is that, while there will be an apparent equilibrium, there will be a real deficit of over 3 millions sterling, and unless a complete change is made, the deficit will be considerably larger in 1894 and larger still in 1895. The Budget Committee reckons upon a better yield from the increased Customs duties than is at all likely. This year so far the new duties have not proved as productive as they were expected to be, and every reasonable probability is that they will continue to disappoint expectation in the future. But if the Customs duties are less productive than is expected, it is certain that the expenditure will continue to grow. It always does grow, and each year supplementary estimates have to be passed which, if done again, will swell the deficits. According to the report recently presented by M. Cochéry, the total expenditure on the army and strategic railways since the war has amounted to the enormous sum of 18 milliards, or 720 millions sterling, and this does not include the outlay upon fortifications nor the indemnity to Germany. Yet there is no slackening in the military expenditure. There is an outcry in certain quarters that the navy has been too much neglected, that the iron-clads are old, and that the cruisers are not fleet enough; hence over a million sterling has been voted this year to increase the navy, and there will probably be a large additional expenditure next year; while it is only too probable that the proposed increase in the German army will be followed by a further increase in the French military expenditure. Altogether, therefore, there is every probability of a very considerable growth in the expenditure next year; while neither the Minister nor the Budget Committee expects more than a mere equilibrium from the taxes now proposed, and the most competent impartial observers are convinced that, even without any addition to the proposed expenditure, the taxes will fall far short, and there will be a large deficit.

During the week ending on Wednesday night gold amounting very nearly to three-quarters of a million sterling was withdrawn from the Bank of England chiefly for Russia, on Thursday not far short of 400,000*l.* more was taken, and the withdrawals are likely to continue. Besides, gold, as usual, is now beginning to go to Scotland. Yet the discount rate in the open market is falling away. Unless the Bank of England takes measures to reduce the supply in the market, it is clear that so much gold will be withdrawn that the Bank will probably have to raise its rate to 4 per cent. before long, and quite possibly even to 5 per cent.

The price of silver has given way this week. On Wednesday it fell to 39½*d.* per oz., and on Thursday to 39¼*d.* The market explanation is that on Wednesday the India Council's allotments were considered unsatisfactory. The real explanation, of course, is that the recent rise was manipulated. For the moment speculators are able to prevent a serious decline; but before long the United States Government in all probability will have to stop buying, and then there is sure to be a considerable fall.

The Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, proves the correctness of the view we have taken in this column of the recent rise in securities. The public is holding aloof, and the speculative account open for the rise has considerably increased; so much so that what are called "backwardations"—that is, fines exacted on non-delivery of stock—have nearly in all cases disappeared; while the rates charged for continuing transactions have risen. For instance, bankers lent freely to members of the Stock Exchange at 2½ per cent., and even at 2 per cent., and yet as much as 6 per cent. was charged for "carrying over" some Argentine Railway stocks. The public, it is clear, is not investing, and we hope that it will continue cautious. All the evidence goes to show that there is much political discontent in

Argentina. A little while ago Buenos Ayres was scared by a report that troops were marching upon the city. The report proved a false alarm; but that it was believed at all proves widespread uneasiness. Then came a revolt in one of the distant provinces. Probably it is an unimportant matter, but it is significant all the same. This week there was a report of another revolt in the province of Corrientes; that also appears false. But there can be little doubt, taking everything into consideration, that discontent is very general; and, if so, it is good reason for caution on the part of investors. Uruguay is certainly in as bad a state, and there is much uncertainty respecting Brazil. Even in the United States the prospect is by no means reassuring. If the Presidential election turns out satisfactory to the great operators, there may be a temporary revival of activity in the markets; but, while the silver crisis continues, it is impossible that the revival can last long. The silver crisis is also weighing upon all kinds of business in the Far East, and the crisis in Australasia is not yet at an end. Upon the Continent Portugal is bankrupt, Spain is very nearly so, the financial difficulties of Italy are most grave, and the condition of Russia is alarming. Wherever we look, therefore, there is cause for apprehension; and it is to be hoped that investors will not be misled by the over-sanguine predictions of interested operators.

The new Chilean loan was as great a success as was anticipated. On Wednesday the allotments were sent out, varying generally from a twenty-fifth to a thirtieth of the applications, from which it would seem to follow that the loan must have been covered about twenty-five times. The speed with which the allotments were made is very creditable to the great house that brought out the loan.

It is to be feared that the winter will be a hard one for a large proportion of the working classes. Employment is decreasing; already, before October is at an end, meetings of the unemployed are being held; wages are falling, and labour disputes are increasing in number. A strike in the cotton trade still seems imminent, although an attempt at arbitration is being made; and other strikes are only too likely. Employers everywhere say that the concessions made to the working classes during the past few years are excessive, that in most industries profits in consequence are too low, and that trade cannot revive until there is a very general reduction of wages.

The changes during the week are not very great in any department. Consols closed on Thursday at $96\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$, and Indian Sterling Threes closed at $96\frac{1}{4}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the Home Railway market the movements are almost all downwards. North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday at $155\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$. Brighton "A" closed at $154\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$. Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at $104\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of 1. Caledonian Undivided closed at $117\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. Great Western closed at $164\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; and North-Western closed at 172, also a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. In the American market the changes are unimportant. Thus, to begin with the purely speculative shares which are unfit for investment, but which usually are the most active, Union Pacific closed on Thursday at $41\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$, and Atchison closed at $40\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. Amongst dividend-paying stocks Louisville and Nashville closed at $71\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$. Illinois Central closed at 103, also a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$, and New York Central closed at $113\frac{3}{4}$, likewise a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. Amongst silver securities Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at $65\frac{1}{4}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$; Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at $80\frac{3}{4}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$; but Mexican National "A" bonds closed at 48, a rise of 2. Turning next to Argentine securities, the railway stocks have generally given way. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed on Thursday at 24-7, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 78-80, a fall of 1, and Central Argentine closed at 71, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, the Five per Cents of '86 closed at 70, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Funding loan closed at 67, also a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at $73\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{4}$. Amongst Inter-Bourse securities,

the principal changes are in German Three per Cents, which closed on Thursday at $84\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and Greek Monopoly, which closed at $58\frac{1}{4}$, also a fall of 1.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

AT the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, Mr. Larkin has brought together some seventy paintings by Dutch or Flemish artists of the prolific seventeenth century, which altogether may be said to command the attention of those whose pleasure in art lies not in the thing represented, but in the quality of the representation. Those who regard pictures from this rational standpoint—who appreciate or buy works of art, not names—will find in Mr. Larkin's collection not a few examples of the art of little-known or obscure painters that are both interesting and attractive. Some of the pictures are rightly ascribed to the school of this master or of that, and it may be said without hesitation that they do no dishonour to the master indicated. Not that there are no "names" in the Gallery, names of high repute too—the fine Berghem, for example, from the Dudley collection (14), may be cited—but the peculiar interest of the exhibition is chiefly to be found in the works of painters who have suffered the ruins of time, or the injurious caprice of fashion, or have inherited unfulfilled renown, or at least have become obscure by unfulfilled promise. The subjects treated comprise almost the whole range comprehended by the Netherlands schools of painting of the period. There are landscapes, marines, Flemish interiors, conversation-pieces, cattle-pieces, candle-light effects, human portraiture, and the portraiture of still life. Excepting those who find no merit in lamp-light or candle-light studies if not attributed to Schalken, everybody to whom such finished dexterity appeals will be interested in the "Two Figures" (43), by some "Pictor ignotus," and so ascribed, and the admirable "Boy blowing Bubbles and Woman working by Lamp-light" (56), of the "school of Gerard Dou." By Quirin van Brekelenkam we have "A Lacemaker and Family" (25), and "A Man preparing a Salad" (26), both admirable studies of homely subjects, full of force and fidelity to nature. Less pleasing in colour, but inspired by the like spirit of truth, is the "Interior" (16) of Mathijs Wulfrat, a presentation of carousing boors that merits by its frank nature all Mr. Ruskin's strong oburgations with regard to the perverse choice of subject by your typical Dutch painter of interiors. Another excellent candle-light study is a piping boy, attributed to Franz van Mieris (51), which is noteworthy, not merely for the excellence of the special effect of light aimed at, but as a capital study of the absorbed musician. Still more typical of the best traditions of Dutch painting is the admirable "Interior" (59), by Michael Sweerts, whose group of four figures, drinking and conversing around the embers of a fire in a dusky chamber, is excellent for actuality and vigorous presentation. There should also be noted a little panel by Hendrik van Lint, an "Italian Landscape" (8), somewhat Claudian in style; the Both-like "Landscape" (57) of Jan Griffier; the "Cattle on the Banks of a River" (50), ascribed to Jakob van Strij; and a "Dance of Children" (15), by Hendrik van Balen, an attractive little canvas. By Jan van Looten we have a large "Landscape" (31), well representative of that artist's rather stogy treatment of nature, languid sense of colour, and decidedly artistic sentiment of composition. The work of better-known painters is represented by several small pictures of Van der Velde, by a "Horse Fair," by Wouverman (22), a "Skating Scene," by Van Goyen (9), a "Portrait of a Burgomaster" (2), by Terburg, and a small landscape of good quality, ascribed to Philip de Koning (23), and various examples of the Cuyt family, with Albert and B. G. Cuyt, of which the two landscapes by the former (36 and 37) appear to us less characteristic than the Cuyplike picture by Strij previously noted.

At Messrs. Arthur Tooth's winter exhibition in the Haymarket the pictures are both old and new, British and foreign, and form a truly miscellaneous collection. Of works so important in their different styles, yet so familiar, as Mr. Alma-Tadema's very characteristic painting, "The Sculptor's Gallery," Sir John Millais's "Lingering Autumn," and Rosa Bonheur's imposing group of lion, lioness, and cubs, "The Lion at Home," it is not necessary to say more than

that they are here to be seen to the greatest advantage, and are objects of chief attraction in the Gallery. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's study of "A Breton Peasant" (5) possesses a full measure of the qualities of that very individual artist. "The Winning Card" (6), by P. Joanowitch, a vivacious group of Montenegrin gamblers, is, we believe, now re-exhibited; or is it that this clever painter is given to the repetition of an effective subject, with but slight variation of costume and model? Then hard by is "The First Born" (4), a painting by Mr. Herkomer that must be well remembered by constant visitors to the Academy. With Mr. Walter Shaw's studies of ever-breaking waves (7 and 9) we are also well acquainted, and we note once more that Mr. Shaw's attempt to paint the receding water on the worn and fretted rocks is much overwrought, and results in nothing but a kind of whitewash. The landscapes of Mr. Leader, Mr. H. W. Davis, and of other English artists here shown, are by no means remarkable for excellence. Mr. Leader's largest canvas, "Evening on the Surrey Wolds" (34), is hard and unatmospheric in effect, the red sunset lights on the upper boughs of the fir-trees in the landscape being hideously raw, and obviously mere paint. Mr. D. Farquharson's "Seaton Marsh, Devon" (49) is, however, a capable study of extensive meadowland under the bright light of summer noon, and there is considerable subtlety in the rendering of the hazy sea-distance and the sky mottled with fine and fleecy cloudlets. M. Binet's "Tontainville, Normandy" (53) is a broadly-treated and entirely harmonious landscape, which is more than can be said of another landscape by M. Binet, "At Quillebeuf" (68). Of this it is possible to speak with appreciation of the quality of the parts—the sky, for example—and be acutely sensible of the imperfect accord of the whole. For the rest, we have a good example of Josef Israels, less lugubrious than is usual with this excellent artist; a "Winter Fishing, Bavaria" (24), by Münthe; a typical Bouguereau—"Distraction" (33), it is here entitled; and a little study by Jan van Beers, "A Coquette" (59), a head without personality, though a pretty exercise in colour.

MUSIC.

THE energy with which Signor Lago is carrying on his operatic season at the Olympic Theatre deserves to meet with success. During the past week he has produced Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Mme. Albani in her incomparable rôle of Elsa, and has added to his repertory two works which have all the attraction of novelty. On Saturday, and again on Thursday this week, *Lohengrin* was given, for the re-appearance of Mme. Albani. Great as the artist is in almost any part she undertakes, it is beyond dispute that her most illustrious achievements have been as Wagner's heroines, and among these there is, perhaps, none which affords her such excellent opportunities as Elsa; she is undoubtedly right in emphasizing as she does, and as no other singer does to the same extent, the gentle and winning side of the character. But it is happily quite unnecessary to discuss her reading in detail, since it is familiar to all opera-goers; it must suffice to say that she made all her old success in the part, singing such portions as "Elsa's Dream," the solo in the second act, the exquisite duet with Ortrud, and the duet of the third act in consummately artistic style. The continued "indisposition" of Signor Vignas compelled the management to entrust the part of Lohengrin to Signor Zerni, who appeared last week in *La Favorita* with only partial success; strange to say, the singer was far more acceptable in the more arduous part, and even in the difficult final scene was more satisfactory than could have been foreseen. Mlle. Rita Elandi was an energetic Ortrud, though the quality of her voice is far from pleasing when she wishes to be dramatic; Signor Ancona was excellent as Frederick; and Mr. Charles Manners duly impressive as the King. The chorus was moderately efficient, and the least successful part of the performance was the playing of the orchestra; so many mistakes were made that it was evident either that the parts were extraordinarily incorrect, or that too little pains had been expended on rehearsals. Signor Arditi conducted.

The Italian version of Mozart's *Schauspielfdirector*, which opened the performances on Tuesday evening, is—though not so stated in the programme—a modified edition of a rearrangement of the original work, first produced at the Vienna Opera House on August 28, 1858. Mozart's un-

pretending little *Singspiel*—written as a *pièce d'occasion* for a fête at Schönbrunn, in 1786—contains only five numbers; but Louis Schneider and Wilhelm Taubert, the author and composer responsible for the new version, added several songs from other works of Mozart, and set the whole to a new libretto. This pasticcio, in which Mozart and Schikaneder are introduced, working at the composition of *Die Zauberflöte*, has been justly censured by Jahn and other of Mozart's biographers, chiefly on the ground that it represents the composer as a vulgar debauchee, neglectful of his wife, and ready to make love to the artists who sing in his own operas. This element has been excised from the Italian version, and, though the book as it stands is not particularly strong, it serves its purpose well enough for the introduction of some charming music, the hand of the adapters being never very prominent. Of the original score, the Trio for two soprani and tenor, "Ich bin die erste Sängerin," is by far the best number. It is a genuine piece of comedy, and is worthy of the composer of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The principal soprano part was originally written for Mozart's sister-in-law, Mme. Lange, whose voice had a compass of three octaves; in Schneider's version she is one of the characters brought on the stage, though her part is not so important as that of Mlle. Herz. The latter was extremely well sung by Mlle. Elena Leila, who has a high soprano voice of rather unequal quality. Her singing of scales and *fioriture* is excellent, and in light soprano parts she should prove a most useful artist. The remaining characters were filled by Mlle. M. Marra, Messrs. Temple, Wareham, and Tate. As the Impresario Mr. Temple acted and sang with real comic talent, though, like the other male members of the cast, his very English pronunciation of the Italian words was conspicuous throughout the performance. On the whole, the little work is one which can be witnessed with thorough enjoyment. It is carefully played and sung; and, though it cannot claim to rank with Mozart's greater compositions, it is a clever and skilful arrangement, and serves to present much charming music in an agreeable way.

Of *Cædmar*, a romantic opera in one act, which followed *L'Impresario*, it is not possible to speak so favourably. The composer, Mr. Granville Bantock, was until recently a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and some of his works have been from time to time performed at the concerts of that institution. Mr. Bantock has fallen strongly under the influence of Wagner, and from the Bayreuth master's *Walküre* and *Tristan* he has sought inspiration in setting *Cædmar*. It is inevitable that a genius such as that of Wagner should influence the style of the music of our younger composers, and in some instances the result has not been altogether bad. But in Mr. Bantock's case it is to be feared that his admiration for Wagner is likely to lead him into wrong paths; *Cædmar* is incoherent, disconnected, and unvoiced; the power of expressing passion, the dramatic intensity and masterly orchestration which are Wagner's great characteristics, are apparently beyond Mr. Bantock's reach. The work shows earnestness of purpose and some feeling for effect; its performance will probably be of use to the composer, if he has the wisdom to learn from it how to avoid in future the defects which render it unsatisfactory. The performance was adequate, if not particularly striking. Mme. Duma, who enacted the part of the heroine—an injured wife who seeks the protection of a knight-errant, and is killed in the combat which ensues between the latter and her husband—sang the rather ungrateful music carefully and with expression. Her voice is good, and her acting is graceful and intelligent. Mr. C. Harding was the hero, and the part of the husband, Andred, was taken by Mr. Isidore Marcil.

The only concert of the past week which demands notice is the first Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, which took place on Monday. The programme contained nothing novel, but interest was imparted to it by the reappearance of Miss Liza Lehmann, who has not sung in public for more than a twelvemonth. Miss Lehmann is so charming and refined a singer that her return was certain to provoke enthusiasm among Mr. Chappell's patrons, and she was accordingly greeted with prolonged applause before and after each of her songs. Besides Thomé's "Les Perles d'Or," she introduced the beautiful serenade from Grétry's "Amant Jaloux"—a song which loses in effect when sung by a soprano instead of a tenor—and gave for an encore Bishop's "By the simplicity of Venus' doves." Miss

Lehmann was in excellent voice, and sang with all her usual finish and charm. It is a pity, however, that she introduces so many alterations in the songs she selects; both Grétry's and Bishop's songs were much tampered with on this occasion. The quartet at Monday's Concert was led by Señor Arbos, Mr. Whitehouse taking the violoncello part. The pianist was Mlle. Szumowska, who gave a rather uninteresting performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" sonata, besides playing Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor as an encore.

THE THEATRES.

THE two plays which have been given since the theatres were last discussed represent the opposite poles of the drama, for they consist of an early seventeenth-century tragedy and a late nineteenth-century farce. The tragedy is John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, acted under the auspices of the Independent Theatre Association at the Opera Comique, and it is only fitting that the old writer should be considered first. Tragedy, we venture to say, should appeal to the sensibilities of spectators by other means than those which Webster employed. When Hamlet rends his mother's heart, it is by words alone; Juliet's imagination conjures up a vision, the description of which thrills the hearer; Macbeth is most terrible when he stealthily creeps off to murder King Duncan. Webster melodramatizes and almost burlesques his theme by the introduction of physical terrors—a dead man's hand, waxen effigies to resemble corpses, shrieking madmen, coffins, executioners, a rope with which the wretched Duchess is told she is to be strangled, gibbering witches, and the rest. It certainly seems to us that the old dramatist falls into those very errors which Charles Lamb lays to the charge of "writers of an inferior genius," of whom he speaks as contrasts to the author of *The Duchess of Malfi*. Of such writers Lamb says that "they 'terrify babies with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum." That, however, is precisely what we think of Webster's affrightments in the fourth act of this work, in which the Duchess is assassinated after hideous attempts have been made by her brother to shake her reason.

That Webster conducts the play with no little skill must, however, be admitted. The action moves steadily forward in a manner which shows that he fully apprehended the art of construction, about which we hear so much in the present day. Though Webster was one of a tolerably numerous body of dramatists, we are inclined to doubt—though this must be the sheerest speculation—whether they argued about dramatic construction in his time, which seems to show that the true principles commend themselves to writers who have an aptitude for stagecraft, and have carefully studied the theatre, as, from what is known of Webster's writings, we perceive that he did. "I have ever truly cherished," this literary clerk of St. Andrew, Holborn, and member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, wrote, "my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson; the no-less worthy composesures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Decker, and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in mine own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial:

—Non norunt hæc monumenta mori."

Webster's philosophy is chiefly put into the mouth of Bosola, whose character is so complex as to be incomprehensible; for he takes part in the most atrocious deeds, and at the same time talks much morality. Mr. Murray Carson spoke Bosola's lines with good enunciation, but did not succeed in conveying to the hearer what manner of man he understood Bosola to have been. Miss Mary Rorke essayed the part of the Duchess, whose exponent, however, imperatively needs qualities which the actress could not reasonably have been expected to display.

The farce referred to is *The Guardsman*, written by

Messrs. G. R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh for the Court Theatre. To trace the source of such a piece as this is a needless task. It is not original in motive or treatment; but it amuses, and that is almost everything. The fable suffices; the principal players are well provided with characters, and understand how to make the most of them; the dialogue, if lacking in gems of wit or humour, is set out with effective imitations of rather superior paste, which sparkle brightly enough at the moment though they do not bear examination. Mr. Arthur Cecil provides a highly entertaining sketch of a retired judge of the Divorce Court, who, in order to prevent his nephew, Captain Sir Eustace Bramston, from marrying, enters into a conspiracy to send anonymous letters denouncing his character—he is a Guardsman—to the girl of his choice. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, a remarkably skilful representative of certain phases of snobbery, depicts with complete success an ambitious young pickle manufacturer with social aspirations. The Guardsman's aunt, Lady Jones, who seeks to bring about the marriage which his uncle, the judge, opposes, enables Miss Caroline Hill, long absent from the London stage, to show that her capacity has matured in her absence. Miss Ellaline Terriss was agreeably employed as a winsome American girl, destined to marry the Guardsman; and Miss Agnes Thomas rendered diverting the part of a girl who may be described as a professional plaintiff in breach of promise cases.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON AND THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

THERE is a peculiar fitness in the gift by Mr. Clifford Harrison of the proceeds of his Tennyson Memorial Recital at St. James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon, to the Gordon Boys' Home, itself a noble memorial of a noble man for whom Tennyson himself wrote an enduring epitaph. A further fitness lies in the selection of the reciter, whose accomplishments give him a peculiar claim to interpret a poet, whose fire and whose polish he equally appreciates. The programme was widely representative of Tennyson's work, although neither "The Charge of the Light Brigade" nor any part of *In Memoriam* held place there. Mr. Harrison's perfect elocutionary style had flexibility enough to enable him to run the whole gamut with ease. Starting with the sturdy periods of "The Revenge," his delicate and almost song-like rendering of "The Brook," with its silvery cadences and the subtle music of its alliterations, formed an admirable link with the dreamy languors and not less melodious alliterations of "The Lotos Eaters"; the solemn grandeur and mournful tenderness of the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington making an impressive finish to the first part. Masculine vigour and fine elocutionary discrimination marked his delivery of "Locksley Hall," in which the accident of a cold first made itself prominent, luckily without perceptible diminution of the efficiency of the reciter, who then gave dainty expression to the dainty humour and quaint rhymes of "Amphion." Then, with subdued tenderness and pathos, he rendered the beautiful song, "Tears, Idle Tears," the transition from which to the sad significance that now attaches to "Crossing the Bar" was natural enough. The reciter's reverent treatment of this visibly affected an audience inclined to hold the poet in affectionate remembrance. The Memorial Service—for we may almost call it one—finished with a stirring declamation of "The Siege of Lucknow." We find it difficult to write of this recital without fear of falling into extravagance. Mr. Harrison's efforts were clearly a labour of love, as they may well have been when we remember the reciter's own qualifications, the exquisite character of the work he was interpreting, the double object of the recital, and the reflected inspiration he must have received from his audience. The word exquisite is one we prefer to reserve as the reward of the highest merit only. To apply it otherwise is to debase it; but in this case Mr. Harrison's work has earned, and should be allowed to enjoy, the epithet. Not the least satisfactory part of the afternoon's entertainment is to be found in the benefit which will accrue to so admirable an institution as the Gordon Boys' Home.

REVIEWS.

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE MAHDI'S CAMP.*

MAJOR WINGATE'S recension of Father Ohrwalder's account of his ten years' captivity, first in the Mahdi's Camp, and then at Omdurman under the Mahdi himself and the Khalifa Abdullah, is a book of very unusual and manifold interest and value. In the first place, it is an interesting book to read; in the second, it is an historical document of the first importance; and in the third, it has an extraordinary appositeness at the present moment. The second count may be dismissed first. Although in Major Wingate's own *Mahdism and the Egyptian Soudan* we had a digest of all the known evidence sifted and arranged by an authority of the first competence, no single witness upon whom Major Wingate was able to draw (save in reference to the actual fall of Khartoum) was as trustworthy as Father Ohrwalder, while none whatever had had so long an experience. This book confirms the other, the few discrepancies or corrections being rather instances of Major Wingate's general accuracy than not. Thus Father Ohrwalder does not believe the romantic story in virtue of which the Mahdi was supposed to have fallen directly by the vengeance of one of his victims, a woman whom he had carried off from her husband. The Father thinks that the connexion of cause and effect between the license the Prophet allowed himself and his end was less dramatic and immediate, though not less certain. In reference to the famous wonder-working Sheikh Abu Gemaizeh, who but two or three years ago was beating the Mahdi's Emirs and creating new *Arabian Nights* in the heart of the Soudan, Father Ohrwalder does not give the story of the fairy tent which rose and rationed whole armies. But the Sheikh, it seems, in the stories he heard, could miraculously increase food so that one plateful would feed hundreds of people. Some witnesses had seen him cause rivers of milk to run from his finger-tips; and he could make a palm-tree rise out of barren ground, and in an hour be covered with fruit. Who would have thought that the old mango trick had so many rations in it?

As for the writing, Major Wingate assures us (and the assurance, though unnecessary, is valuable) that he has only edited the Father's unsophisticated German into something like literary English, leaving his expressions of opinion exactly as they were. The story thus told lacks art, though not to any disagreeable degree; but the absence of art is more than made up by the presence of matter. When the war broke out Father Ohrwalder had not long arrived at one of the Austrian mission stations in Kordofan, served, it would seem, partly by German partly by Italian monks and sisters. They were at a country place in the hills among the Nubas, and for a time there seemed to be some chance of the rebellion proving not more dangerous than many others which had been seen in that country, the last, of course, being the outbreak of Suleiman ibn Zebeir, put down by Gessi in fashion gallant enough, but (it may be shrewdly suspected by those who have compared documents) only too likely to have drawn on the more serious affair. Of the siege and capture of El Obeid and the fatal battle of Kasbgil, especially the former, whereof he saw much, Father Ohrwalder gives a good account; fully confirming, in reference to the battle, the personal gallantry of Hicks and the utter hopelessness of his chances. The fact seems simply to be that "the Turks" (i.e. any representative of the Egyptian rule) were so utterly hated that even the very men whom Hicks was leading to certain death allowed him and themselves to be misguided and led into the trap. Father Ohrwalder gives plenty of details both at this time and later of the horrible bloodthirstiness which marked the Danagla-Baggara conquest, especially on the part of the Baggara. Both by inclination and in his character of representative of the Prophet, the Mahdi seems himself to have been tolerably mild. But winking at excesses of one kind, while he at first sternly punished those of another, was one of his means of getting up the full fanaticism of the Jihad; and no wars on record seem to have been more ruthlessly savage than these, from the first Mahdist successes in Kordofan to the capture of Khartoum. Father Ohrwalder, however, is by no means harsh, even to enemies, and decidedly generous to friends. He eulogizes his unlucky countryman Slatin heartily; but his own account shows that the ill-timed and not clearly necessary armistice which Slatin, while still holding ground in Darfur, made with the Mahdi, allowed the latter to dispose of Hicks unhindered. On the other hand, while full of admiration for Gordon's heroism, the Father re-

presents the Pasha's conduct when he first returned to Khartoum as a mistake and the subject of surprise to everybody. Had he brought the smallest force of Englishmen with him, thinks the Father, there would have been no difficulty at all; but, as it was, his presence was not of itself dreaded, and was resented as being representative of the hated "Turks." Of later and still more tragic events Father Ohrwalder speaks as all the most competent judges here and elsewhere have always spoken. So great was the dismay caused by the failure of the hitherto unvanquished "companions" to check the British advance at Abu Klea that, if a single red coat had reached Khartoum before its fall, he holds that the place would certainly have been saved; and his attitude towards our delay at Metemneh is one of mournful amazement. And he does not seem to disapprove the retreat of the small advanced guard when they found the town actually lost. He even gives us the cold comfort of saying that "the bravery of the English advance with so small a force is still a source of wonder to the Soudanese." But alas! this Khartoum matter must always be the subject for little but gnashing of teeth to Englishmen themselves.

Less exciting, but decidedly important, are the Father's accounts of the subsequent events under the Mahdi and the Khalifa, when what may be called a settled government was established at Omdurman. He himself as well as his companions the Sisters were, after the first risks of the sack and massacre were over, not so much positively ill-treated as neglected in one way and narrowly watched on the other. Although the Mahdi himself professed to respect them as ministers of the Christian religion, he paid very little attention to their welfare, and during the greater part of the time Father Ohrwalder had to support himself and his friends by divers ingenious devices, such as manufacturing a rough ribbon loom, almost at guesswork, and working ribbons on it, by help of an unravelled pattern, for sale—work hard as well as difficult, which was made harder by exhausting illness of a chronic kind. Meanwhile the Government, if so it may be called, was of the purest Eastern type. The Mahdi succeeded in constantly increasing his own personal luxury, while at the same time maintaining, and even exalting, his reputation as a saint, and his kinsmen and special followers, the Jaalin and Danagla (Dongolese) flourished. But when he was dead, the Khalifa Abdullah transferred most of the power from these, and other comparatively civilized tribes called collectively the Aulad-belad, to his own countrymen, the wild Baggara. Yet at the same time the power of the other Khalifas—for there were originally four—remained in a very curious kind of way, and to a certain extent checked the tyranny, or, as some would perhaps say, multiplied it.

After this painful life had gone on for years, the unrelenting efforts which the friends of the mission at Cairo were making at last succeeded. Partly through the agency of Major Wingate himself, a trusty agent was secured, camels were bought at Khartoum, the Father and two Sisters, with a black slave girl, stole out of Omdurman by night, and after a headlong and exhausting ride of five hundred miles across the desert, reached the Egyptian outposts, and were free.

And now let us hear the morality of this comedy—or, rather, tragedy. We can give it in Father Ohrwalder's own words. Of the tyranny, the lawlessness, and so forth, of the Khalifa's rule there is no need to say much. But what is its effect on the wide region which, not a dozen years ago, was at least in a fair way of civilization without being too civilized, and which simply required a strong and honest hand at the helm? It consists of two parts—the capital, so to call it, and the country. The former is simply a camp. To bear arms is an absolute necessity. Whosoever does not is flogged. From time to time expeditions leave Omdurman to attack Egypt or Abyssinia, to put down insurrection, to collect tribute; but this is the sole "scheme of government." As for the country, hear Father Ohrwalder:—"Mahdism is founded on plunder and violence, and by plunder and violence it is carried on. In some districts half the people are dead; in others the loss of life is still greater. Whole tribes have been completely blotted out, and in their places roam the wild beasts, spreading and increasing in number and fierceness till they bid fair to finish the destruction of the human race; for they enter huts, and women and children are no longer safe." To this it is a sort of anti-climax, but necessary to add, that under the Khalifa the Soudan is practically blocked to trade, that its products are lost to Europe, and its markets shut; while the increasing unpopularity of the Khalifa and the dissensions between the Baggara and their rivals seem likely either to give rise to even more internecine wars, or else to let in some outsider. In other words, the Soudan pear is ripe, and we—who are responsible, by our folly first and then by our irresolution and sluggishness, for its ripeness, must either

* *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, from the MSS. of Father Joseph Ohrwalder.* By Major F. R. Wingate. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

gather it ourselves, let others carry it off, or allow it to rot hideously.

But this is not all. What the Soudan is now Uganda will be shortly, unless the fatal policy of evacuation by England is counter-ordered. Major Wingate, very opportunely, has printed maps showing the whole connexion of the Nile district with that of the lakes and the distribution of those forts by which Captain Lugard, dexterously enlisting the old troops of Emin, has held the country. Abandon these and the factions—call them Catholic-Protestant, Wafranca-Wangreze, or whatever anybody chooses—must burst out with the certain result of a Mahomedan reaction and tyranny. The resources of that remarkable religion for conquest and destruction are, as Mahdism itself shows, as lively as ever, though as ever they seem equally impossible of conversion to pacific and constructive purposes. The situation and strength of the kingdom which M'tesa made so powerful have hitherto sufficed to keep it steady; but Mwanga is evidently incompetent, and it wants stronger hands to guide it. Grant (which seems to be the *ultima ratio* of those who would evacuate) that our abstaining does not necessarily mean some other European Power intruding. It is a large grant, but grant it. The result must then be the handing over of this "Middle Kingdom," as it may be called, to the same state of anarchic terror which Father Ohrwalder depicts in the Soudan. It is not even certain, though it is probable, that the Mahdist movement proper has not energy enough left to extend itself so far. But there is plenty of local talent available, and if there were not, there are the Manyema and bastard Arab slave-raiders, who have long been creeping up towards the Albert and Albert Edward Nyanzas, and who are too strong for any native force, unless unusually well led. The question, therefore, for any Englishman who lays down this book is not merely, "Shall the Soudan be allowed to be what it is?" but "Shall Uganda be allowed, by sheer cowardice and meanness, to become what the Soudan is?"

NOVELS.*

IN *Children of the Ghetto* the author has been at much pains to collect and place before us illustrations of the manners and customs of the Hebrews who dwell in our midst; but, except possibly for students interested in Judaism, he has hardly succeeded in doing so in a way attractive to the average novel-reader. The story, such as it is, is of the slenderest construction and lacks continuity. In fact, the book is rather a collection of many small stories more or less connected with each other, and the characters do not seem to have been drawn with a view to interesting the reader in their various vicissitudes, but merely as pegs whereon to hang long arguments *pro* and *con* New Judaism. We mingle with the Jews of the East End, "the Ghetto," and with those of the West, and, so far as religious observances go, the former, according to Mr. Zangwill, certainly appear to be the more strict and consistent; but this very consistency and strictness seems to be the target at which is launched this three-volume projectile. At the same time the author by no means spares those fashionable Hebrews who live in large houses at the West End, modify their names so that by the multitude they are not at once identified as being of the tribe of Israel, and generally differ as widely as the poles from the denizens of the Ghetto. The observance of the actual letter of the law as practised by the strict is attacked by those born and brought up in that school. There is a revolution against the thralldom imposed by detail observance, not of the spirit, but of the letter. It is not for us here to consider the rights and wrongs of the Hebrew religion, we are merely discussing what is commonly known as "a three-volume novel"; but it does occur to us that if, as stated in the book, a young man jokingly at a convivial party of intimate friends puts a ring on to a girl's finger and repeats words which are used at the marriage ceremony—all the party enjoying the harmless little joke—it does occur to us that it is rather hard for these two young people to find that they really are husband and wife, and that a divorce is necessary to enable them to become respectively the husband and wife of the woman and man they wish to marry. Such is one incident related; and in the girl's case it was specially unfortunate, because she was engaged with her father's approval; but it came out that the object of her affections was

one of the "Cohanim," who cannot marry a divorced woman. So a marriage in joke necessitated the carrying on of the joke in the shape of a divorce of the unfortunate jokers, which in its turn resulted in the wrecking of the life of one of them; thus carrying a joke a little far. The sketch of life in the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane is graphic, and at times not unamusing; but everlasting arguments of the most hair-splitting description, in which the Yiddish language plays a prominent part, are after a time apt to pall on the man who seeks to rest his brain by novel-reading. The characters are many and various, including a strict Rabbi, an ever-prayerful and praying Jew, who is always out of work, and thinks his children can keep their mortal bodies alive on prayer alone; an hysterical poet and Socialist, an educated Harrow and Oxford young man, and women of sorts, the chief feature of one of whom is that she is always bewailing the fact that she was "born with ill-matched legs. One is a thick one and one is a thin one. And so one goes about." The heroine, Esther Ansell, begins life in a garret in the Ghetto, develops into a scholar, is adopted by a West-End Jewish *grande dame*, falls in love with the enthusiastic Harrow and Oxford young man, and leaves us by going to America, where apparently there is a good opening for New Judaism. We hope she eventually came back to marry the Harrow and Oxford young man. She under a *nom de guerre* wrote a novel, not altogether appreciated by the West-End Jewish community, which provoked much discussion. It is more than probable that *Children of the Ghetto* will do the same. There is in the book too much argument and Yiddish—which latter is trying to those who have not graduated in it—and some flippancy. For instance, we are not accustomed to hear Jonah described as "prophet and whale explorer." It may be accurate, but it is flippant. The book is to be read, though we think that it will be read more by Jew than Gentile.

Very much of the traditional type of novel suitable for young ladies is *Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters*. The story is spun out, and the high-principled personages to whom we are introduced do not engage our sympathy, though many of them have troubles enough and to spare. An atmosphere of heaviness pervades throughout which is calculated to have a depressing effect. There is no comic element, and but feeble comedy to relieve the seriousness. We thirsted for the advent of "the villain," but he never came; and a thoroughly unprincipled scoundrel, male or female, would have been most welcome. No doubt this kind of novel commends itself to a certain class of readers, but there is no novelty of incident or situation of any kind which would be likely to create an excitement in the novel-reading world. In short, it is the sort of respectable commonplace "three volume" which we all know; quite harmless—so harmless, in fact, as to be almost food for babes.

A great contrast to *Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters* is "*Whittier*." A story of a girl of strong character, written in a sympathetic style. The plot is no great novelty—not conspicuously original—but it is well and touchingly worked out, with an absence of mawkishness which might easily have crept in. Virginia Whittier, an orphan, daughter of a father estranged from his father, is at school, though she is one-and-twenty, when her grandfather sends for her to live with him. He is old, strong of purpose, obstinate, almost a recluse, and with habits confirmed as those of an old bachelor. He is a man of property, and of whims and cranks. He causes the son of his bailiff, one Roberts, to be educated as a doctor, and these two worthies, who develop into the villains of the plot, turn the old man completely round their fingers. The girl, large-hearted, full of the memory of her dead father, comes to the home of his boyhood, eager to take the place he once held in the affection of his father. She puts up with rebuffs, unkindness, and harshness from him, and intolerable impertinence and arrogance from "Dr." Roberts, who assumes the rôle of master of the property, and by degrees she begins to soften her grandfather's heart. He does not, however, entirely accept her as his son's child until one day she brings him a written proposal of marriage from the Doctor. This presumption is too much even for him. He tears up the will, in which he had left his property to the Doctor, and is reconciled to Virginia. Then comes the turning incident of the story. He is found murdered in his room. Circumstances, carefully manipulated by the Doctor, point to Virginia as the murderess. She is tried, and, though not found guilty by the jury, that greater irresponsible jury which nowadays, thanks in a measure to irresponsible scribblers in penny papers, has a way of giving a verdict without hearing or seeing witnesses, does not believe in her innocence. She therefore effaces herself, and as Mary Graham starts the world afresh—a schoolmistress in a village Roman Catholic school in the north country. Then come her difficulties. The constant struggle to remember that she is only a schoolmistress when brought in contact with those either of high or low degree, the ever-present fear of identification as

* *Children of the Ghetto*. By I. Zangwill. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

"*Whittier*?" By M. E. Francis. 3 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1892.

Under Pressure. By the Marchesa Theodoli. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Virginia Whitworth, the episodes of love which must find place in a novel are well described, almost as if by the hand of a woman; and the heroine secures our sympathy throughout her troublous life. Of course Dr. Roberts makes himself objectionable again, and of course Mary Graham finds a champion; but we refrain from further description, as it is better for novel-readers to read the book for themselves. The plot is well handled, and, notwithstanding improbabilities (what is a novel without them?), the story never loses interest. The incidental descriptions are good, and the subsidiary characters well drawn. The "bedgowns and petticoats" of the women, and the dialect, tell us that Lancashire is the scene of the latter part of the story; but we could have wished that the farmer Jonathan had warned his little daughter not to go near "th' delf," instead of "th' quarry," a word one seldom, if ever, hears from such as he in Lancashire.

In the dedication of *Under Pressure* the author states that this is her first attempt to describe some of the customs, prejudices, and virtues still subsisting in a portion of Roman society. Well, yes—no doubt about its being a first attempt. Let us hope that the second may be more successful. It would seem that the prejudices belong to the "Blacks," or Clerical party, the virtues to the "Whites," or Liberal party, and, possibly, the customs to both. We are told of a Prince and Princess Astalli, who are the happy parents of children with whom we are not concerned, except the twin daughters Bianca and Lavinia, the one religious and anxious to become a Sister of Mercy, and the other more inclined to mundane affairs. Bianca was sent into a convent merely because she was the less well-favoured of the two; the latter was destined to be permitted to have a husband. Bianca, however, when gossiping rumours that she was sent to the convent against her will reached her mother's ears, was brought home. The Princess feared a scandal, resenting the possibility of official inquiries being made into the doings of so aristocratic a family as hers, and this unfortunate young religieuse is made the recipient of all her more worldly sister's confidences respecting her love troubles. Considering the youth of these two young women, and the extraordinary exclusiveness and strictness of their bringing up, they seem somehow to have acquired a considerable knowledge of the ways of this wicked world. The aristocratic "Black" Prince and Princess, curiously enough, arrange for Lavinia to be married to the son of a very "White" Marchese, who was a leading spirit in the revolutionary party, and had experienced all the excitements and adventures dear to the heart of an Italian "patriot." This son Uberto was, of course, a Liberal of Liberals, with terribly shocking views on things in general; but he fell in love with Lavinia, and in due course the match was made by their respective parents, the girl being one day told by her mother that she was to have her hair pinned on the top of her head, and wear the white dress made for a special audience of the Pope, dine at her father's table instead of going to bed, and that her future husband would be at dinner! Who he was Lavinia did not know, nor did she ask. The Radical Marquis foolishly dies suddenly, and his so doing was the more foolish because he had not satisfactorily arranged his worldly affairs, at least so far as Uberto was concerned; for all the fabulous wealth of the deceased nobleman went to a son by a former marriage, and poor Uberto was penniless. This, of course, was quite sufficient for the Prince and Princess to break off the match, and equally, of course, the high-minded young man declined to give up the young woman, and she said ditto. What with one daughter's love affairs and the other's religious aspirations, the haughty Princess had rather a bad time of it; and in the end her strong-minded daughter rebelled and vanquished her—horse, foot, and artillery. The language at times is a trifle highflown. For instance, in the course of a wordy description of a February morning, we read about "The unfrozen dewdrops glittered in the clear sunshine like precious jewels dropped from the divine fingers of some reckless goddess waylaid on her hasty departure from the river-bank before the dawn could appear and spy upon her doings." This reckless goddess had evidently been making a night of it somewhere, and forgot to take off her rings when she had a morning dip to dispel the effects of the night's carouse. Again, once when the Princess sent Lavinia with a message to Uberto, who had just left the room, the young people took the opportunity to give each other a kiss. There's nothing very novel or extraordinary in that, one would have thought; but it takes a whole page to describe that kiss. No wonder "Uberto never afterwards was able to remember how he found his way home that evening." Possibly the book tells us something of the prejudices and virtues referred to in the dedication; but the picture is not well framed.

ENGLISH DEER-PARKS.*

IT is five-and-twenty years since the late Mr. Evelyn Shirley's *Account of English Deer-Parks* was published, and it is scarcely surprising that certain statements, chiefly of a statistical nature, in that valuable work should now require some amendment or correction. Errors and omissions in such works are almost unavoidable. Mr. Joseph Whitaker himself admits, in the introduction to his book, that there may be certain deer-parks that have escaped his notice. And it may not be entirely due to neglect or carelessness on Mr. Shirley's part, though it is undoubtedly a proof of industrious research in Mr. Whitaker, that the latter writer has been able to record more than fifty deer-parks not mentioned by the former. Deer-parks, as Mr. Whitaker's interesting compilation shows, have greatly increased in England since 1867, and it is possible that the volume before us may lead to some further increase, by inducing owners of parks now deerless to stock their enclosed land with fallow or other deer. When Mr. Shirley's "Account" was written, red-deer were kept in thirty-one parks. Now they are found in eighty-six. In some few parks they are kept alone, as at Blenheim and Bolton Abbey. In a much larger number of parks they are kept with fallow-deer, and in a yet larger number fallow-deer alone are kept, not invariably, it would seem, in the smaller parks. Mr. Whitaker's aim differs considerably from the plan of Mr. Shirley's book. He does not attempt to deal with historical facts, or with topography, or with the whole art of deer-keeping; but he restricts himself to the correction of "Shirley's statistics concerning acreage (often very inaccurate), and to the addition of such particulars concerning the timber, walls, and fencing as are omitted in the work referred to." He has compiled, in fact, a descriptive list, a kind of *catalogue raisonné*, of English deer-parks and paddocks, and he has collected much information concerning the various matters of inquiry he had addressed to owners throughout the country. The points of inquiry relate to the acreage; number of fallow- or of red-deer; average weight of bucks and does; nature of the water-supply and fencing; particulars of other interesting animals protected in deer-parks; description of timber, soil, and the date of imparking. To these particulars some general remarks are added in some instances, with remarks on any special feature of interest that calls for notice.

The objects embodied in this scheme are certainly of great interest, and should prove of practical utility. But, useful and interesting as Mr. Whitaker's work undoubtedly is, it would have been still more useful if the writer could have insured absolute uniformity in realizing his scheme. With regard to what may be called the main points of inquiry—acreage of parks, number and weight of deer, water supply—he has achieved this desirable uniformity. But in other matters we have only occasional information. The date of imparking is but rarely given. The nature of the soil and herbage—both very important matters to those who keep deer—are recorded only in a few instances, and we could have wished that the observations on timber, and on historic or remarkable trees, were fuller and more explicit than they are. As an owner of deer, Mr. Whitaker is, of course, sensible of the interest that attaches to soil and natural herbage. He remarks, in his "Introduction" to the "List of Deer-Parks," that a "mixture" of herbage is best, and observes, of the varied herbage of Thoresby, that the excellent flavour of the venison raised in that park has been attributed to the abundance of thyme there. Much light could have been thrown on the subject of excellent venison if we had full statistics of soil, herbage, altitude of land, as well as particulars of breeding and of the antiquity of parks. Heavy deer, as Mr. Whitaker says, do not necessarily produce venison of fine flavour. The biggest deer in England, by the way, are at Warnham Court, where a stag was once killed that weighed forty-four stone, and where, as Mr. Whitaker records, a stag carried horns of forty-eight points last year. The soil of this park is not described in the list. We have merely the note that its pasturage is "rich." Mr. Whitaker, we observe, recommends the sowing of white Dutch clover, "a different patch every year," to improve the pasture in parks, especially where manure cannot be spared. Now, here we have an illustration of the importance of knowing what the soil of the park may be; for, although white Dutch clover may usefully promote variety of feed for deer, it is notoriously uncertain in habit. On some soils it will become rampant, much too rampant, while on others in a season or two it will perish utterly, giving place to grasses of rank or coarse growth. On the subject of timber we are not always quite certain of what species is referred to in Mr. Whitaker's notes, nor does he invariably mention what is the special feature of

* *A Descriptive List of the Deer-Parks and Paddocks of England.* By Joseph Whitaker, F.Z.S. London: Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co. 1892.

a park in the matter of trees. Every kind of tree at Cobham is noted, except the splendid avenues of limes, though the compiler refers to avenues of this tree in other parks and to the horse-chestnut avenue at Knole, in Gloucestershire. The chestnut is sometimes spoken of as the "sweet chestnut," sometimes as the "Spanish chestnut." It would be better to distinguish this tree from the horse-chestnut without using these confusing terms. For instance, Mr. Whitaker mentions "the fine chestnut avenue" at Bushey, where there is scarcely a chestnut-tree to be seen, though there is a remarkable avenue of horse-chestnuts.

"A park without deer," says Richard Jefferies, "is like a wall without pictures." It is, indeed, a "stately sight" to see, as Mr. Whitaker observes, a number of red-deer in some great park, out in the open, or knee-deep in the fern, with giant oaks about them. Fallow or roe are not less agreeable additions to park scenery. There are many persons who find pleasure in the protection of any wild creatures—beast or bird—with liberty to range within the park fencing. Highland cattle are as picturesque objects as deer to some eyes, and are to be found in many parks. The famous wild white cattle at Chillingham are, of course, noted in Mr. Whitaker's interesting list of "other animals than deer." Elands were once introduced at Tatton Park, springboks at Mount Edgecumbe, and kangaroos and emus at Whaddon Chase. Kangaroos are still kept at Tring and one or two other parks. At more than one Derbyshire park there are Faroe Island black sheep, and at Sudbury, in the same county, are Shetland ponies. At Stainborough, Yorkshire, are four-horned Spanish sheep, at Stowe Cashmere goats, at Nuneham "Mesopotamia deer," and at Ashton, near Bristol, and other places, the pretty Axis deer. Several parks comprise Japanese deer, in addition to red or fallow; while Indian cattle and St. Kilda sheep occur in two or three places. And when we have mentioned the wild turkeys at Holkham and the beavers at Leonardlee we have not exhausted the catalogue of strange creatures provisionally protected by English deer-parks. It is satisfactory to find that ravens breed in one or two parks, and are protected by owners; but Mr. Whitaker does not record any instance of the protection of nobler and more interesting birds, hated of gamekeepers and gunners. The pale, or cream-coloured, variety of the red-deer, called "German" by some, and "Danish" by the Duke of Portland, is mentioned as among the herds at Windsor, Woburn, Welbeck, and Langley. Mr. Whitaker records the breaking of the park fence at Combe Sydenham recently, by a falling elm, and the escape of several deer, "which are still at large—among them a very fine white red stag." So notable an animal, we think, could scarcely have ranged the country-side for long. With respect to fences, we are heartily sympathetic with Mr. Whitaker's admiration of old oak fencing, "covered with lichen, and mellow with age." But iron is cheaper, and deer will not attempt to leap it. Mr. Whitaker's volume is mainly addressed to owners of deer-parks; but it possesses, as we have shown, many aspects of interest to naturalists, and lovers of sylvan scenery, country life, and forestry. The observations in the "Introduction" on the management of deer-parks, the finding and catching of deer, and other matters, will be read with interest by those who are most concerned. The descriptive "List" is arranged under the names of the English counties in alphabetical order, and appears to be tolerably exhaustive, ranging from such extensive enclosures as Savernake, Windsor, Eridge, Knowsley, and Blenheim, to parks or paddocks of twenty acres and less.

TOM PAINE.

IN spite of Mr. Conway's attempt to represent Tom Paine as a compound of Socrates and King Arthur, a Christian, a "British lion with an American heart," and so on, we cannot say that, in our eyes, his hero appears clean under the thick coats of whitewash that he has daubed over him. That Paine was a bad, coarse, ignorant man, inordinately conceited and meddlesome, that he had much natural ability, and that, vile as he was, his character was relieved by one or two respectable traits, is not less our opinion after reading this *Life* than it was before. Mr. Conway has done his best for him, for he brought to his task, so he tells us, a love for it—his taste must be peculiar—he has performed it with exemplary diligence, consulting a large number of books, and using some manuscript sources of information, and he has not been sparing of words in praise of Paine, or, indeed,

of words of any kind. We should have found his book pleasanter reading, and it would, we are sure, have been not less convincing than it is now—so far as we are concerned, it could scarcely be so—if it had been of smaller bulk, and had been written in less high-flown language, in better taste, and with more discrimination. Diffuse, however, as Mr. Conway is, he passes over some points bearing on Paine's life in England that should have received attention in a book purporting to correct the received opinion as to his character. While it is true that the *Life* of Payne, by Chalmers, or "Francis Oldys," the principal authority for his earlier years, is the work of an enemy, Mr. Conway himself allows that Chalmers "tracked Paine in England with enterprise," and says that he "weaved into his strand of slander" all the facts that he could get at about him. All Chalmers's statements should, therefore, have been noted and criticized here. Whether, as Chalmers asserts, Paine, when he left Sandwich, where he had been carrying on his trade as a stay-maker, sold goods that had been supplied to him on credit, whether he ill-treated his first wife, and whether he was at Lewes forced to take refuge from the bailiffs in the loft of a public-house, are questions which, though of no interest to such readers as are satisfied on other grounds as to the man's bad character, should have been discussed by his apologist. We think, however, that the reader will find enough in these volumes to convince him that our opinion of Paine is not too severe, provided that he will weigh facts for himself, and not blindly accept the comments of the biographer. With respect to Paine's ill-treatment of his second wife we have a distinct declaration in a letter from his mother, reprinted here in a foot-note from Chalmers's *Life*. Mr. Conway suggests that this letter was garbled; but it was printed in Paine's lifetime, and he does not seem to have contradicted its statements. He was dismissed from his post as an exciseman for making false entries in his returns, and we fail to see that his falsehood is extenuated by the fact that he had lately bought a pair of globes and some scientific books. Three years later he was, on his humble petition, restored to his office, and was dismissed a second time for being absent from duty without leave, having decamped on account of his debts. He had been taking a prominent part in an agitation among his fellow-excisemen for advanced salaries, and Mr. Conway remarks that it is wonderful that "a man of such ability should have had his horizon filled with such a cause." As an exciseman, Paine was pleading his own cause, which he was never backward in doing. His mother's letter tells us that he was accused of appropriating the money subscribed for the purposes of the agitation.

After his second dismissal he went to America, where he soon made a name for himself by his pamphlets in support of the rebellion. Much that Mr. Conway says about these pamphlets is certainly just. Illiterate as Paine was, he could stir the masses. He wrote in plain, racy, and violent terms, with a show of reasoning, and with an assurance that, considering his ignorance, is little short of amazing. Untrammelled as well as unrefined by sentiment, he taught the colonists in his *Common Sense* to recognize their true position, and to do so without dismay; he combated the lingering feelings of loyalty that hindered them from facing the fact that they were engaged in rebellion, and he bade them look forward to complete separation, maintaining that their independence was certain to be accomplished. While there are some silly, and many scurrilous, passages in the pamphlet, it is easy to understand the inspiring influence that it had on the counsels of the Americans. Mr. Conway, we observe, defends Paine's characteristic assertion that England was not the parent-country of the American colonies. Not less important than his *Common Sense*, Paine's second *Crisis*, written when Washington had been forced to retreat behind the Delaware, and beginning with the words, "These are the times that try men's souls," is said to have been read to the American soldiers before the battle of Trenton, and to have raised their spirit, as, indeed, it may well have done. His services having been acknowledged by his appointment as secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, Paine made a virulent attack on Silas Deane for maintaining that the supplies obtained from France through Beaumarchais were not gratuitous. Mr. Conway defends Paine's conduct, though he says it may seem "quixotic," the very last epithet that we should have applied to it; for his attack on Deane was suspiciously like a bid for popularity. To make his case stronger, he published an official secret, and was in consequence forced to resign office. After having been in some straits, he at last received a substantial reward for his pamphlets, obtained for him chiefly by the exertions of Washington, who warmly acknowledged the effect produced by his writings. Like an ill-conditioned cur, Paine in after years, when he believed that he had cause of complaint against Washington, made a scandalous attack on his former benefactor.

* *The Life of Thomas Paine; with a History of his Literary, Political, and Religious Career in America, France, and England.* By Moncreau Daniel Conway, Author of "Omitted Chapters of History Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edward Randolph" &c. To which is added a Sketch of Paine by William Cobbett (hitherto unpublished). 2 vols. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

Having thus been placed in easy circumstances as regards money, Paine was able to indulge his taste for mechanical inventions, for which he had no small genius. He planned an iron bridge, and took his model over to England and to France, hoping to have his plan adopted in one or both countries. While he was in England he received much notice from some of the Rockingham party, and "spent a week at Mr. Burke's and the Duke of Portland's in Buckinghamshire." He had his bridge made; it never spanned a river, and he exhibited it on Paddington Green to sightseers at a shilling a head. This visit to Europe led Paine to attempt to play a somewhat similar part in the Old World to that in which he had already appeared in the New, and in 1791 he published in London the first part of his *Rights of Man* as an answer to Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. The extent of Mr. Conway's critical intelligence may be measured by his remark that the least part of Paine's task in writing this book was "to demolish Burke," who, he says, "had dabbled where Paine had dived." Burke certainly never left the clear atmosphere of his political philosophy to descend to the muddy depth where Paine wallowed in unsound theories and purblind dogmatism; and, as it is almost superfluous to point out here, the bald sentences of the *Rights of Man* are not more inferior to the glowing periods of the "Reflections" than are the threadbare fallacies of Paine's revolutionary creed to the maxims of the wisest politician of the age. Having laid down the axiom that wherever a Constitution "cannot be produced in a visible form there is none," Paine declares that England had no Constitution, that the government was based on conquest, and that the right of reform lay in the nation, not acting by constitutional machinery, but as a number of individuals, born with equal natural rights, some of which they have consented—when, where, or how he does not say—to exchange for civil rights. According to him, rightful government could be attained only by a wiping out of the past. His system, which Mr. Conway calls "statesmanlike," may be said to have been founded on the belief that the establishment of the States-Constitutions in America had proved that the world ought to be brought back to the political inexperience of Adam. As Mr. Conway has thought fit to declare that Paine demolished Burke, he might also have told us which of the two he thinks had a clearer perception of the tendencies of the French Revolution. We know what Burke held them to be. Paine accepted French citizenship with delight, and though he could not speak a word of French was elected a member of the Convention. He fled from England to escape prosecution for seditious libel, and we are told "glided flower-crowned in his beautiful barge, smoothly towards his Niagara rapids," which, we have reason to believe, means that he went to Paris, where he wrote a letter to his fellow-citizens "fairly 'floreale' with optimistic felicities"—as the letter was written in September, the point of "floreale" is obscure. He tried to save the King's life, for the man was humane, and found himself helpless. He joined the Brissotins, was arrested along with his fellow-citizen, the egregious Anarchist Cloodt, was confined in the Luxembourg for nearly a year, and barely escaped the guillotine. Mr. Conway believes that his imprisonment was due to the machinations of Gouverneur Morris, then the American Minister at Paris, and was prolonged by the indifference of Washington, though he amusingly adds that the chief blame rests with Great Britain, and that Paine was "delivered up to Robespierre in the interests of Pitt." Paine had been meddling in affairs pertaining to Morris's office, and neither Morris nor Washington could have been grieved to hear of his imprisonment. However Morris claimed him, though half-heartedly, as an American, and was told that he was a French citizen. Washington appears to have been content with Morris's report, which Mr. Conway says contains "a fatal, far-reaching falsehood"; though he prints on the next page a letter from Deforgues acknowledging that Morris had claimed Paine "as an American citizen." With a lack of decency not strange in an admirer of Tom Paine, Mr. Conway begins his chapter on Paine's arrest with the words, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate." "Where," Mr. Conway asks, "is the vision that has led this way-worn pilgrim? Where the star he has followed so long?" The pilgrim had followed a Will-o'-the-wisp, and it had left him bogged. And this was the man who demolished Burke.

When Paine was arrested he had just finished writing his *Age of Reason*. Mr. Conway has a wordy chapter on this book, for which he expresses warm admiration. Like the *Rights of Man*, it appeals, both by its style and its matter, to the uneducated, presenting the Deism of earlier and more cultured sceptics in a brutal form, in bald though forcible sentences, and with coarse jeers. Once more, for a short season, Paine was able to indulge in "optimistic felicities." Some flattery from Bona-

parte led him to believe in 1797 that Europe was about to enter on a period of universal peace and republicanism, and, lest his native country should miss its share in those blessings, he subscribed money for a French invasion of England. Moreover, he was founding a society of Theophilanthropists, as they were pleased to call themselves, who "sang theistic and humanitarian hymns, read odes," and believed that they were destined to regenerate society. Bonaparte, however, suppressed this society; a fresh batch of visions fled from the pilgrim, and Paine declared that the French were "worse off than the slaves of Constantinople." He returned to America, and there found himself shunned by his former friends. He was made to feel that his return was a mistake. America was not anxious to own him as one of her sons, and his vote was refused on the ground that he was not an American citizen. His last years seem to have been miserable. Mr. Conway constantly refers to the common belief that he was a drunkard. That he drank to excess in 1793, when "broken down by public and private affliction," is certain, and there is evidence—all attempt to explain away Joel Barlow's reference to the subject is useless—that after his return to America he "sought for consolation in the sordid, solitary bottle." He died in 1809. Mr. Conway gives some account of the "removal and mystery of Paine's bones," which he thinks "like some page of Mosaic mythology." The "sketch of Paine by Cobbett," announced on the title-page, consists of notes for a Life of Paine, in Cobbett's handwriting, and partly put together by him; the larger part of them is, however, the work of Mme. Bonneville, the wife of one of Paine's friends, who left her husband, followed Paine to America, and for a while kept house for him.

ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE.*

"OF all living men, there is but one who has understood me, and he misunderstood me," says Hegel, according to report, and Professor Boyesen has taken this paradoxical assertion as a text to prove that there is no English critic who is capable of truly appreciating the genius of Goethe. Of course the one critic who understood, and yet misunderstood, Goethe is Thomas Carlyle, who, in spite of his natural tendency to hero-worship, we are told was "so ruthless and self-assertive in his intercourse with his idols that he often remodelled them to suit himself before deeming them worthy of his worship"; and, consequently, "made a Goethe of his own, who, to be sure, had much in common with the original, but was yet essentially a different being." All of which, though we most powerfully and potently believe, yet we hold that Carlyle's method of treating what has proved to be a very difficult problem—namely, the best way of estimating the value of the life and works of Goethe—is better than that chosen by Professor Boyesen. The Professor is an advanced Goethe-worshipper, and may be said to be more than "Goethe-ripe," a word invented by Auerbach to indicate the degree of intellectual maturity enabling one to comprehend the significance of Goethe's life and works. He has, moreover, as we judge from these essays, thoroughly emancipated himself from certain vulgar prejudices which are still current amongst the majority of his fellow-creatures, and he can therefore survey the whole position from a standpoint which is denied to less fortunate mortals. The head and front of Carlyle's offending in the Professor's eyes is that, in an essay published in the *Foreign Review* of 1828, Carlyle has stated, in a somewhat too enthusiastic and paradoxical style, that Goethe had "the belief of a saint" united with "the clearness of a sceptic, the devoutness of a Fénelon," blended with "the gaiety, the sarcasm, the shrewdness of a Voltaire." This, we own, is certainly overstating the case; but we cannot agree with the Professor that "it betrays a radical misapprehension of Goethe's character which must detract from the value of all that Carlyle has written about him." Christian or pagan?—that is the question; and the Professor decides that Goethe was a "serene old pagan" of an Olympian type. While, however, Carlyle's peculiar "crank" (perhaps the Scandinavian-American Professor will excuse the word) was Goethe's misty Christianity, Professor Boyesen's stumbling-block is his defence of Goethe's relations to women, to which some six-and-twenty pages of this volume are devoted. In the earlier essays we were in hopes that no attempt would be made to touch this subject, as he says that it may be as well to concede there is a certain modicum of truth in the charges of unfaithfulness and want of patriotism against Goethe, since the defence he is prepared to advance would have no weight with the great public, because it would appeal to sentiments which belong only to a small minority; and we trusted that we should only hear of

* *Essays on German Literature.* By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. 1 vol. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

Goethe's opinions and ideals in his efforts at intellectual enfranchisement and self-development. But no. The inevitable disquisition follows, with its tone of strained apology for Goethe's behaviour to his victims, from poor little Frederica Brion to Lili Schönmann, from Charlotte Buff to Frau von Stein—to whom, whatever we may think of her conduct, Goethe behaved as no gentleman would have behaved, and was rightly served for it—all of which resolves itself into the fact that, in spite of his well-nigh transcendent genius, Goethe was a thoroughly selfish man, and not a little imbued with the cynicism of his own Mephistopheles. As soon as a friend, whether male or female, ceased to be of interest or of use to him, that friend was discarded, as instanced by his treatment of Fritz Jacobi, Lavater, to whom he addressed one of his most venomous and unjust epigrams in the "Xenien," and various other persons. We cannot help thinking that Professor Boyesen would have vastly enhanced the value of these very interesting essays if he had refrained from publishing this one, and had substituted one, say, on Jean Paul Richter or Lessing, which we feel sure would have been as good reading as that on the "Life and Works of Schiller" here published. After two excellent essays entitled "The German Novel" and "Studies of the German Novel," there follows a graceful little appreciation of Carmen Sylva, and the volume closes with three essays on the Romantic School in Germany. Here, again, the Professor has very decided opinions, and at times appears to us to lose his balance as a critic. Novalis, no doubt, was mystical, but still was a striking and original figure in German literature, surely deserving a higher designation than that of dilettante philosopher; Ludwig Tieck was no mere scribbler, and Friedrich Schlegel should be remembered as something else than an idealist who died suddenly from the effects of roast goose. "What an end for an idealist!" says the humorous Professor, with a chuckle not in the best of taste. Under the guise of an impartial critic it seems to be his object to belittle the efforts of those writers who, in revolt at the barren utilitarianism of the so-called school of Enlightenment, did so much to relieve German literature from the load with which the respectable but ponderous Nicolai and his friends well nigh smothered it; but the Romantic School dared to think *Wilhelm Meister* a trifle heavy in places, and so receives its punishment. It is not surprising under these circumstances that the later romanticists, such as Brentano and E. T. A. Hoffmann (who is referred to as A. T. Hoffmann), are only mentioned as synonyms for literary clap-trap and charlatanism, though it may be news to some to learn that Tolstoi, Howells, and Henry James represent the vanguard of culture of to-day, while the rearguard is brought up by Dickens, Scott, Victor Hugo, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE UNCANNY.*

MR. KING'S book on *The Supernatural* is, apparently, of American origin. The author's ideas are not particularly novel; he finds the beginning of the sense of the supernatural in the instinct—if it is to be called an instinct—about "luck," and the "uncanny." This is prior to the belief in ghosts and spirits. After bad ghosts come good ghosts, protecting ancestral spirits, friendly Totems. Then, as society is organized, the ghosts become gods, and thus we arrive at a supreme God, by a natural process of abstraction and embellishment. Ideas very like these occur in Hume; Mr. King illustrates them by a considerable amount of anthropological reading. The faults of his book are its unnecessary length and its entire lack of scholarship. We feel that we have here a guide at second-hand. Thus (i. p. 281):—"It may be remembered in the Iliad that when Zeus makes a trip to Ethiopia he was ignorant of what then took place at Troy." Where are we to find the Homeric authority for this passage? When the gods were in Ethiopia (in the First Book of the Iliad) Apollo was still darting his shafts at the Greeks, and Hera and Athene were interfering in their camp. The truth is that Homer, when he writes mythically, not religiously, is most inconsistent about the omnipresence of the gods. Hence the wise Germans detect interpolations. In his second volume, when he deals with the gods of Greece, Mr. King is sadly at sea. He quotes Dyer, and Grote, and Curtius, and Boe, whom we know not. Original authorities are very much out of his way. He says that "the myth of Dionysius first presents him as a supernal power in Thrace, a medicine-man controlling the dead," and he makes the innocent Mr. Dyer maintain that "Dionysius was named man-wrecker on the island of Tenedos." Mr. King's "Dionysius" is rivalled by his "Pallas Athene." After the remark, among other remarks,

that "the Minotaur at Crete was a bull Totem," Mr. King quotes "Muller's *Doric Race*, i. p. 179 to p. 449." "Muller" never heard of a Totem in his life outside of Cooper's novels. "The Orphic brotherhood probably originated when the Totem system obtained in Greece." Shade of Lobeck, what manner of smattering is this? "Thus Deucalion, the father of a powerful family, created men; his Totem, probably, a stone; so men came from stones." These haphazard statements are like to bring Totems into contempt. "Zeus nods on Mount Ida, and Here and Aphrodite fan him to sleep." This is positively indecent. Aphrodite was not present on the interesting occasion to which Mr. King probably alludes. Mr. King supposes that in Mycenæ there was "a criminal population," Mycenæ was not London or New York. The Homeric Greeks "had no concept of a supreme God," in spite of the remarks of Eumæus. Who or what was "Basile at Athens," described by Pausanias? (ii. 21). Mr. King should oblige us with his references.

The worst thing, in a mild way, of universal education, is the rise of smatterers like Mr. King. The religion of Greece is a very delicate, a very complex subject; he disposes of it on a score of worthless pages; worthless, because to know the religion of a civilized race you must know its literature, and know it at first hand. If Mr. King is at sea about Greece, how can we trust him about Egypt and Assyria? How can we even expect a critical treatment of translated texts, and of learned works in various modern languages, from him? He is best among savages. He is, perhaps, not without reason in looking for a sense of luck, of the "uncanny," among minds which have not yet developed the belief in ghosts. Unluckily we know no such minds, for observation of children is very hazardous. Mr. King regards the Australian blacks as very much behindhand with ghosts, and more disposed to lay stress on "Boilya"—vague magic influence. But, though we know almost as little of Australian as Mr. King knows of Greek, we fancy that "Boilya" is a native term for ghosts or spirits. He says (vol. i. p. 152):—

'The ghost as yet holds a very limited and uncertain status in the mind of the Australian Aborigine, and it is very questionable if the incidents in which the ghost or spirit is affirmed have not been derived from the whites.'

He may consult Humboldt's recent work on Queensland natives, almost unacquainted with Europeans. On i. p. 209 Mr. King himself says, "The Australian aborigines have evolved many evil spirits; not only the Ingnas, the same ghost demons of evil men that are recognized by all the lower human races, but others." Surely, here we have the existence of numerous Australian ghosts frankly admitted. Again, "when the Australian aborigine came to recognize head-men in his tribe, then he built up the theory of spirit head-men in the sky." But does the "aborigine" recognize tribal head-men? The topic is obscure, the evidence contradictory; but Mr. King, if he was to found a theory on the fact, should have given us his evidence in this place. His book contains a great deal of not unfamiliar, but not uninteresting, folk-lore, and a discussion of psychical phenomena in which they come badly off. He has not worked out fully the evidence as to the sense of the "uncanny" in dogs and other animals—a curious topic, wherein all depends on the evidence. If two men and a dog simultaneously saw the ghost of a dead dog (as we are gravely informed), then a number of Mr. King's theories are exploded. He is not wanting by any means in natural acuteness, nor in miscellaneous reading; but he has attempted a topic as huge as "The History of Human Error" without the necessary equipment of scholarship. In this audacity he is not alone. More famous philosophers are in the same case.

OLD SHRINES AND IVY.*

NO reader of Mr. Winter's delightful volume of essays, *Shakespeare's England*, will need any reminder of the well-directed enthusiasm and pleasant meditative fancy that distinguish that record of many a pious pilgrimage to the ancient homes or tombs of the illustrious dead. The little book before us is a later collection of essays that breathe the same spirit of reverence and the same genial sympathy with all that is august and memorable in the storied past of which they treat. The very title is a full assurance of this to everybody who knows the older volume. Mr. Winter's "old shrines," however, are of two kinds. There are shrines of literature and of history, and the portion of this volume that deals with the first description of shrine is

* *The Supernatural: its Origin, Nature, and Evolution.* By H. John King. London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

* *Old Shrines and Ivy.* By William Winter. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

chiefly concerned with the drama, and is thus related to Mr. Winter's recently published *Shadows of the Stage*. The comedies of Shakspeare and of Sheridan and Farquhar engage Mr. Winter's many-sided comment in a series of papers that may be styled "appreciations," for whatever the aspect of interest presented—that of the stage, or of literature, or of the drama—it is presented in an attractive and interesting fashion. Now, like another Genest, Mr. Winter is a chronicler of representations, in England and in America, and will put forth a "cast" of the brave but not so recent past, that catches the envious eye of "us youth" who lived too late; and now he will proceed to smite the Shaconian devotee, doing his smiting gently, as becomes a citizen of the Republic that gave birth to the immense Cryptogram, yet doing it not ineffectively. But these matters are little suggestive of ivy and old shrines. For these we must turn to the chapters descriptive of journeys to France, to Iona, to Southampton, to Ely, to "the field of Culloden," and to Stratford-on-Avon, and in all these excursions Mr. Winter lets his fancy roam far afield, and reaps a reflective garnering that is both cheering and suggestive. Sometimes, as in "London to Dover," he depicts the changeful landscape under sun and shower, in a set of window-pane sketches from the railway, in his flight towards France, just as Kingsley once discoursed of oolite and "old red" and carboniferous rocks from the "Flying Dutchman" between Box and Bristol. "Storm-bound in Iona" is the title of travelling reminiscences of last year in the Hebrides, where Mr. Winter, defying the tempestuous season, pursued his investigations of Hebridean nature and civilization with Johnsonian resolution. It strikes us as somewhat strange that he did not land and explore the caves—Fingal's and Mackinnon's—observing, as a reason for this neglect, "it is always wise, when any form of experience has entirely filled and satisfied the soul, not to attempt its repetition." There may be something Johnsonian in this philosophic conclusion; but we confess it scarcely convinces us as sound. Perhaps on the previous visit Mr. Winter caught a too satisfying chill; for Fingal's Cave is a kind of playing-hall of the just-unbound and exceedingly fresh winds of Æolus. However, Mr. Winter does not exercise this rule of fortitude in his revisiting of Shakspeare's country. His contemplation of Stratford Church—"The Shakspeare Church"—in the summer of last year is almost heartrending to read, so poignantly are the misdeeds of renovators presented to the reader's eye and spirit. Cordially do we sympathize with the pilgrim's distress, and at the close of his touching description of the present condition of the most venerated of all shrines, we are tempted to murmur with Chaucer, "Then farewell! shrine, of which the saint is out." If it has not suffered that ultimate desecration, it is certain that much that has been done is very bad, and it was so easy, as Mr. Winter says, not to have done it.

THE IVORY GATE.*

IF the English novel of the present day does not attain to those lyric heights that sanguine critics would have us believe, there is certainly no want of variety. If we are not strong in "movements," we have plenty of "men." There is the satiric novel of Mr. George Meredith, the romantic novel of Mr. Stevenson, the analytical novel of Mr. Henry James, the pastoral of Mr. Hardy, and the didactic novel of Mr. Walter Besant. The Christian Agnostics have their *Robert Elsmere*, and the High Church party their *John Inglesant*, while the Broad Church have their great irreligious romance, Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ*. The Dissenter is left out certainly. Perhaps that is why Nonconformist ministers so frequently attack the art of fiction, calling novels the "Bibles of Satan," and quoting Roger Ascham and other authors whom they have not read. In England we have no real schools of fiction. Not many of our novelists hold very strong views on what a novel should be. The views belong to the reviewers, and the poor novelists have very little chance of getting a word in on the subject at all. In his later books, however, Mr. Walter Besant would seem to favour the opinion of Richardson, who, in his preface to *Sir Charles Grandison*, said, "it was not published for entertainment only, a much nobler end was in view." The nobler and being to instruct. Now, whatever may be urged against this view, and in an age when there is much misplaced talk about "art for art's sake," and any novel, picture or poem, guilty of a moral sense, is promptly condemned, it is highly creditable for an author to stick to his convictions, and care not how the sects may brawl. Then all of us know what the author of *Dorothy Forster* can do when he chooses. Not the most expert

of moralmonsters could find a purpose in that delightful story. Even historians could not pounce on any new view of the time. Indeed, it had little to do with history—it was merely literature, and literature of the first order. *Tour de force* though it may have been, the author met Thackeray for once on his own ground, and though we do not like to call any one names, it may be described in modern jargon as the "work of an artist." It must be left to Mr. Andrew Lang and other scholars of primitive literature to decide if the first story-tellers wished rather to instruct than amuse or *vice versa*. But it is a fact that we read "The Golden Ass," for instance, on account of its delightful romance, and have forgotten all about the morals, if there were any to be inculcated. But it is notorious that the public never sees the moral intended by an author, unless he adopts the method of Miss Marie Corelli, and writes the moral first in a few paragraphs, and then proceeds to publish the story. For ourselves, the only thing we have learnt from Mr. Besant was that he was the author of very admirable stories. We speak of him only as a novelist. Yet no one can disguise the fact that of late years he has favoured the "Eastward position," so far as literature is concerned. Many of his admirers have regarded him as the prophet of the wronged, the sweated and the cheated, People's Palaces, Utopias, and other philanthropic projects. To these *The Ivory Gate* must come as a distinct blow, no less heavy than that of the Ibsenites after the production of *The Wild Duck*. The characters, the locality, the humour, and the incidents are thoroughly Besantine, and of the best; but, unless we have misunderstood certain passages, the author is continually cackling at his old loves. He laughs at some of his own reforms even, and the laughter is quite Rabelaisian.

The Ivory Gate is by way of being psychological, but it is really sensational in the best sense of the word. Until the middle of the second volume there is a splendid mystery, which only a very practised novel-reader would find out. We think that it is a great error to reveal it so soon. It should either have been told at once, as Wilkie Collins has done in *No Name*, or postponed until the end of the third volume. We are given no hint as to the mystery, save in the graceful dedication, "that the story hangs on a phenomenon of brain-disease." We do not wish to blame Mr. Besant for writing impossible or unreal stories. His novels are always refreshing after the laborious realistic or naturalistic brochure, in which commonplace people make commonplace remarks, and the authors gain a cheap reputation for being true to life, and copying nature. But in *The Ivory Gate*, where the pathology is correct, the psychology perfectly convincing, and nearly all the characters extraordinarily life-like, we should expect a more probable hypothesis to form the basis of the story. We are asked to believe that an old solicitor, Mr. Dering (one of Mr. Besant's most remarkable creations), whose chief characteristic was a sense of justice, and whose intelligence was exceptional, should suspect, on the most slender evidence, first his ward and then his partner of forgery, on the accusation of an old clerk. We are asked to believe, furthermore, that no investigation, official or otherwise, should have been made in the first case, and that no suspicion of the clerk on Mr. Dering's part arose after the second accusation. In a tale where the construction is so satisfactory these faults are more irritating, and might easily have been corrected by an experienced writer such as Mr. Walter Besant. To use his own words, this hypothesis lacks *vraisemblance*. It would be impossible to discuss at length the many and great merits of *The Ivory Gate* without telling the story, and it is certainly a story to be read, not to be told. Although the secret is given away so early, our interest in the story never flags for a moment. In a three-volume novel that is saying a good deal. Neither in *The Golden Butterfly* nor *The Chaplain of the Fleet* are there any characters to equal the City knight Sir Samuel Dering, and his wife Hilda, or the old clerk Checkley.

LAWFORD HALL.*

THE author of this portly volume prefers to remain unnamed, but it is an open secret that he comes of a race of antiquaries who, during the past century and more, have done good work in historical investigations, and, to judge by the example before us, he is fully worthy of the old stock. Lawford is an ancient manorial residence, and has had the usual vicissitudes of old English houses, passing in the course of ages through the hands of many different owners, some, and indeed the majority, of whom seem to have been people of great note in their own day,

* *The Hall of Lawford Hall: Records of an Essex House and of its Proprietors, from the Saxon Times to the Reign of Henry VIII.* London: Ellis & Elvey.

* *The Ivory Gate.* By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus.

and well deserving the pains and trouble the present lord of Lawford has bestowed upon them. Some of us remember the pleasure with which in the palmy days of Archaeological Congresses we listened to the late Mr. Nichols as he unravelled for us the complicated network of a long historical pedigree, or traced from house to house the succession of some great and ancient earldom. Much of the same clearness in heraldic and genealogical questions reappears in the work of the historian of Lawford, together with a rare power of gathering in the surrounding facts of general history which tell upon the career of his hero for the time being. The result is a book in which the successive denizens of Lawford do not so much flit by us like ghosts, or even like the shadowy ancestors in some family portrait gallery, but are real people, who played their part in the annals of our country. To recover more than their names and dates taxed historical investigation, but the author has not been content with this. He has begun at the beginning, and has endeavoured, often successfully, to give life and reality to what were before little more than names. At first it was intended to bring the notices of owners down to modern times, "but finding material growing under his hands, the compiler has thought it best to pause at a convenient point in the reign of Henry VIII., when the manor, originally a royal manor, became again for a time the property of the Crown." The biographies of persons who have played but a secondary part on the public stage contribute materially to a knowledge of the period during which they lived, and the compiler, or editor, or writer, however he chooses to describe himself, has been at great pains to elucidate some very obscure corners, and to tell us about people of whom many have incidentally heard, but few have ever known much. "The life of Sir John Say, under-treasurer of England and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.," may be regarded in this light; as may, also, notices of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter and of Lord Mountjoy, a friend of Erasmus, and acquainted with many of the great literary celebrities of the dawn of revived learning.

Lawford Hall lies in the most eastern part of Essex, in Tendring Hundred, a promontory bounded on two sides by the sea and on the north by the Essex Stour. The house stands on the edge of a hill, with a pleasant view eastward down into Harwich harbour, and westward towards Stoke Nayland, known in art as "Constable's country." When Edward Waldegrave, at a period subsequent to that of which this volume treats—namely, in 1580—bought the manor from Queen Elizabeth, he pulled down an older house and built that which has had the good fortune to find an owner and historian in the days of Queen Victoria. All, therefore, which relates to Lawford Hall in this volume relates to the older building. It is to be hoped that the later part of the story may also in due time be told, and we have the writer's half promise that, "if health and leisure should be given him, he may resume the work at some future time." These researches into the byways of history have never been so frequent as now. We lately noticed a book in which diocesan records were carefully calendared, and not long ago also Mr. Rutton's study of the history of the younger branches of the once great, but now extinct, family of Wentworth. These and many other books are printed in very limited numbers and count on a very limited circulation; but they are accessible to any one who really needs their assistance; they are at all events in print, not in manuscript, and a very small collection may comprise a very extended repertory of information on historical and topographical subjects, and not on them alone, but on the manners, customs, feelings, and thoughts of those whose heirs in such things we are.

Sixteen lords of Lawford are separately noticed in the present volume. Each is represented by his coat-of-arms on the frieze of the great hall of the mansion. This hall is forty feet long, and more than half that in width, and would form a handsome and imposing feature in any house. The writer draws pictures of what the great hall was in the family life of the past. He indulges his fancy in picturing the simple state and rude plenty of the Saxon kings; for before the Conquest Lawford belonged to Harold, and the author mentions an interesting local tradition, "that there were formerly kings in all the counties of England," and that the King of Essex lived at Lawford Hall. In the same Hall, at a later day, he sees on the oaken table the plans brought from the great Suffolk monastery "for the beautiful chancel which is still the glory of the church hard by." The next picture describes a well-ordered household of the Puritan type, "such as Milton might have rejoiced to visit." Edward Waldegrave of Lawford, the second of the name, had two daughters, his co-heiresses, one of whom was courted by Sir Simonds d'Ewes, who has left full particulars of the vicissitudes of his suit, and has enabled us to follow in detail all the formalities in vogue in the

reign of James I.—"the budding passion of the suitor, the half-subdued liking of the maiden, the suppressed disapproval of the mother," and, finally, a series of difficulties which even the persevering d'Ewes could not surmount. An article on the subject, we are informed, appeared in *Blackwood* some time ago, presumably by the author of the present volume, who mentions an unpublished diary of Sir Simonds d'Ewes. Something of this may be expected if a second volume on Lawford Hall appears.

Among the more eminent of the proprietors of Lawford was Humfrey of Lancaster, fourth son of Henry IV., who purchased it in 1444, and whose proprietorship affords our author an opportunity of describing in some detail Duke Humfrey's death in his lodgings in St. Saviour's Hospital, outside the north gate of Bury St. Edmund's, in 1447. The particulars are extracted from a contemporary chronicle, written by Richard Fox, published by the Camden Society. "Riding through the town past the Horse Market to the North Gate ward, he entered a mean lane, the name of which he asked of one of its poor inhabitants. 'Forsooth, my lord,' said the man, 'it is called the Dead Lane.'" An old prophecy came into the Duke's mind, and the name struck his imagination. "As our Lord will be it all," he exclaimed. This was on Thursday, the 16th February. On the following Thursday he died "soon after three o'clock in the afternoon." Our author evidently inclines to the belief, which at the time prevailed in England, that the Duke was murdered; but he does not fully commit himself. When the King's party had him securely under lock and key, it would certainly have been bad policy to put him to death secretly; the more so as the complaisant Parliament would assuredly have passed an Act of attainder against him, and after his death there was no difficulty in obtaining the condemnation of his principal adherents. "The story of their being hanged and taken down alive, and of the terrible penalties of treason being stayed at that point" has been told by all historians. But our author is the first to explain that this singular punishment was expressly directed by the terms of the royal pardon which Suffolk produced at the place of execution. They were to be taken down alive, and stripped; and the pardon further mentions that the Supreme Judge had already struck down the most guilty party. The poor men, no doubt, made their way to London, where the citizens, who loved Gloucester, would relieve their poverty; and for more than a century the hungry idlers in St. Paul's were called Duke Humfrey's servants. The Duke was buried at St. Albans, but down to the time of the Great Fire a monument in St. Paul's, really Sir John Beauchamp's, was called his.

The death of Gloucester brought the Says to Lawford. Two days after, the King granted the manor to John Say, gentleman, usher of his chamber. The shield of King Henry VI., bearing quarterly France and England, which follows that of Duke Humfrey on the Lawford frieze, represents the shortest duration of proprietorship in our annals, a period of two days. Say does not appear to have been related to the Kentish family of that surname, who were peers of the realm, though he was the son of a certain William Say of Canterbury. His arms, "three chevrons, voided," were very singular, and occur in the modern window at Hampton Court, where this same John Say appears as an ancestor of Queen Jane Seymour. John Say figures in the Paston Letters, where he is spoken of as a man of influence, to whom a "reward"—that is, a bribe—should be offered by any one who wanted a suit furthered. Such, no doubt, was the custom of the time. He became Speaker in 1467, and Edward IV. addressed him and the members on the occasion of his presentation. He said, "John Say, and ye, Sirs, that comen to this my court of parliament for the common of my land," and went on to declare he asked for no subsidy as he proposed, for the present at least, to live on his own estates. Among the many things which tended to the undoubtedly marvellous popularity of Edward IV. a declaration like this must be taken into account. A beautifully enamelled heraldic brass in Broxbourn Church represents Say and his first wife, who died in 1473. He married again, but died in 1478. His daughter by his first wife, Anne, married Sir Henry Wentworth, and "through her second daughter, Margery, wife of Sir John Seymour, was the grandmother of Jane, Queen of England." The whole pedigree is in Mr. Rutton's book. Henry VIII. took out a dispensation for his marriage with Jane Seymour. The author of *Lawford Hall* explains why this was thought necessary. "The first Lady Say was the common ancestress of three of Henry the Eighth's English queens." Jane Seymour was cousin of Anne Boleyn, as she and Anne Boleyn were of Katharine Howard. It belongs to the romance of history to reflect that the servant successively of Henry VI. and Edward IV. should have become the great-grandfather of the Queen of the last Henry, and the great-grandfather of the last Edward who ever sat on the English

throne. We have not reached the middle of this delightful book; but it is to be hoped we have said enough to show how delightful it will be found by any one who enjoys the bypaths of history—by any one, for instance, who enjoys the Paston Letters.

SIR A. CUNNINGHAM'S MAHA BODHI.*

THE district of Behar or Bihar of which the capital is Gaya has never been very popular in the estimation of Civil Servants. It is arid and rocky. It has a good share of hot winds in the months of April and May. It used to be far off the main line of railway. Yet it has attractions for the naturalist, the antiquarian, and the scholar. The chief town of Gaya, with its crooked, filthy, and uneven streets that seem to defy all Lord Ripon's model municipality, has for the last five or six centuries been celebrated as the resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of the Empire. A devout Hindu visits Gaya in order to free his deceased ancestors from torment, and to procure their entrance into heaven. On his arrival he is at once pounced on by a set of men called Gayawals, who manage to live by the offerings of pilgrims, and who send the visitor round to all the "sacred places, at each of which he deposits a small ball of rice, known as a *pinda*, for his relatives, while the attendant Brahman mutters a short prayer." Very devout and earnest persons visit as many as thirty-eight and forty-five of these spots; those of circumscribed piety content themselves with one or two. Amongst holy places are some large reservoirs, a certain sacred tree, the famous Temple of Vishnu Pad or the foot of Vishnu, the river Phalgu, and a hill known as Pretaila or Ghost's Hill, nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The amount of the fees levied from each worshipper varies, of course, with his means. Few, we believe, get off with a less expenditure than thirty or forty rupees, and the grandfather of the Nana Sahib is said to have spent a lack of rupees at one visit.

This brief account, we are bound to say, has only an indirect bearing on the beautiful volume before us. But it is necessary to explain that interesting as Gaya itself is in the eyes of pious Hindus and English scholars, the neighbourhood is more remarkable for recent discoveries of Buddhist remains. Six miles south of the native town of Gaya, and near a river variously denominated the Phalgu or the Nilajan, is a village known as Buddh or Bodh Gaya. It was, about two thousand five hundred years ago, the residence of the founder of the Buddhist religion, Sakya Muni; and in the volume before us Sir Alexander Cunningham has compressed into less than one hundred pages the result of careful local explorations by himself and other well-qualified persons, carried on under the direction of Government during the last thirty years. Sir Alexander is an officer of Engineers and a scholar, and one more qualified to interpret the past, to restore on paper the outline and shape of ruined buildings, and to reconcile conflicting theories, could hardly be found in the Civil or Military services of India. The letterpress is illustrated by ground plans of the temple, and by some thirty plates of statues, inscriptions in Sanskrit and Chinese, seals, relics, gold coins, and *stupas*. This latter term, we may remind readers, has been in India abbreviated into *Tope*, in which disguise it is very apt to perplex and mislead. It means an ancient Buddhist monument in the form of a solid dome, so says the late Colonel Yule; and in the volume before us we have numerous facsimiles of *stupas* of all sizes, due to the piety of pilgrims, or marking places where Buddha had sat, bathed, preached, and displayed "various spiritual changes." That places in the Benares and Behar provinces contained valuable relics of Buddhism has long been well known; but little or nothing seems to have been done at Gaya, with the exception of some excavations by Major Meade in 1863, till about 1880, when the late Sir Ashley Eden, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, employed Mr. Beglar to clear away the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and to prevent further decay by timely and judicious repairs and renewals. Without entering into controversial points which arise between Sir Alexander Cunningham and the late Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra and other experts, we shall try to do justice to the labour spent at this sacred spot by a scholarly and scientific author.

There is a well-known saying of a Roman Emperor that a certain self-asserting noble of his time seemed to have been *ex se natus*. He was his own father. Similarly, Sir Alexander is entitled to say that the Mahabodhi Temple when cleared of a mass of ruins furnishes its own history. The Great Asoka was always believed to have built a temple at Buddh Gaya. The building is distinctly mentioned by the Chinese pilgrim Hwen

Thsang, who visited the place about 637 A.D. General Cunningham adduces good grounds for the belief that two pillars and other remains of the time of Asoka, with the Vajrasan or Sandstone throne, were included in a somewhat larger building of ancient but later date. Something of this very kind has actually happened in our own country and in our own time. Canon Jones, on surveying a curious cluster of buildings in the middle of the small town of Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire, came to the just conclusion that they enclosed a sacred building. On removing some structures used for factories and workshops there was found in perfect preservation a unique specimen of an early Saxon church. But then it had been happily entombed in other buildings, and had never been subjected to the crowbars of sectaries and iconoclasts. On the north side of the old temple at Gaya there is unquestionably to be seen the brick wall or terrace walk where Sakya Muni took exercise for seven days. The perambulation was somewhat circumscribed; the length of the terrace, according to the author's careful measurement, being only some fifty feet. For detached notices of these and other remains of Asoka-pillars, fabulous animals, the Goddess Lakshmi, the harper of the God Indra, a boat or a ploughing scene such as might be met with in any part of the district at this very day, we must refer the inquirer to chapters iv. and v. One curious feature of these discoveries is that they represent Buddhism and Brahmanism in very close and, apparently, friendly contact. Subsequent chapters are devoted to a description of the later or Great Temple of Mahabodhi.

It was one of the four famous Pagodas illustrative of the life of Buddha. It was probably seen by the early Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian at the end of the fourth century of our era, and certainly by Hwen Thsang about two centuries and more afterwards. General Cunningham assigns its erection to the year of our era 152. A rude inscription, deciphered and translated by Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra, shows that it was the work of a pilgrim who gave a gift of money to keep lamps burning. Probably out of all these treasures the most interesting relic at Buddh Gaya is the celebrated Bodhi-Druma or pipal-tree. Every one who has visited any ruined temple, palace, or fort in India is aware of the extraordinary penetration with which the pipal splits domes, undermines walls, and seems to display an exuberant vitality in the spots most unfavourable to its growth. The Bodhi-Druma, according to the best authorities, has had a most eventful history. It was planted by Asoka himself, and when it had been maliciously cut down by his queen, it was miraculously restored. A heterodox Raja burnt it with fire. A subsequent King, Purna Varma, restored it with the milk of a thousand cows and surrounded it with a wall of stone. After this, it experienced several other vicissitudes, and it was severely handled by monarchs acting, doubtless, under the advice of Brahmins; it was spared by the Muhammadan conqueror; and it was seen in a green old age by Dr. Buchanan just eighty years ago. The probable explanation is that the pipal of the present day—for there it still stands like the Virgilian rod, *frondescens simili metallo*—is the descendant of a long line of ancestors. Sir Alexander himself has seen a pipal-tree there in various stages of decay, no less than four times between 1862 and the date of publication, and by digging up the sandy soil under the Vajrasan throne he had the good fortune to discover two large pieces of a former tree. These may really have been part of a "giant bole," hacked by orthodox kings and Brahmins ten or twelve centuries ago. In a dry climate they would have a far better chance of surviving intact to our time than canoes or dug-outs in a Scotch or Irish loch.

Buddhism, according to the dates given by the author, probably prevailed in India for a longer period than is sometimes supposed. It was in full force in the reign of Asoka, 250 B.C. There was a Buddhist dynasty of Palas, which began to reign in the ninth century of our own era. Mahi-Pala was a prominent Buddhist, and he left many monuments at Sarnath in the neighbourhood of Benares. The last Buddhist monarch was Yaksha Pala, and in all probability Buddhism disappeared just when the Muhammadans came in, and when Hindus had to experience the penalties and pains as well as the pleasures of persecution. At various times Buddh Gaya has been the resort of pilgrims from Burma. Burmese kings sent their servants to repair the temple in the eleventh century. As late as 1829 Colonel Burney, who had filled the onerous and unpleasant post of Resident at Amara-pura after the first Burmese War, conducted a deputation of Burmese to Gaya. Some other conclusions arrived at by Sir Alexander Cunningham merit notice. He has come round to the opinion that the old Hindus were really able to construct vaults and arches. For some time it was thought that these architectural principles were introduced by the Muhammadans, and even such an authority as the late Mr. James Fergusson shared this

* Mahabodhi; or, the Great Buddhist Temple under the Bodhi Tree at Buddha Gaya. By Major-General Sir A. Cunningham, R.E., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Allen & Co. 1892

belief. The sandstone of which some of the gigantic statues of Buddha are made must have come from Sasseram, a town on the Grand Trunk Road, some twenty miles from Gaya. It was no great distance in an age when labour was cheap, and could be had on his own terms by any energetic potentate. In the course of his explorations the author was more than once shocked by the base uses to which slabs and fragments had been put by the natives at the present day. He found "a long Sanskrit inscription let into the ground, with a hole bored in it, in which the lower tenon of the gate played." Sir Alexander is no mere bookworm unaccustomed to deal with men, but he may recollect that, after the attack by smugglers on Woodbourne, Dominic Sampson was much grieved at the damage caused to volumes of Thomas Aquinas and the venerable Chrysostom, which had been employed, with curtains and pillows, to make the windows of Colonel Manning's house proof against bullets. We have already alluded to the amicable juxtaposition of two very different forms of religion in India. Under what terrific pressure of priestly intolerance Buddhists ultimately took their departure may be surmised by any one conversant with the Oriental character. It is morally, if not historically, certain that the separation of Buddh and Brahma was not that of the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot.

We can discern the text of a serious controversy in the photograph of the Tri-Ratna, Plate XXVI., representing what is called the Buddhist Triad. The centre figure is Buddha himself under the Bodhi-tree. On his right is Sangha, and on the left the figure of Dharma or Religion. These three figures, though expressive, are somewhat grotesque; but for a specimen of debased art it would be hard to beat the figures in Plate XXX. There the three-headed Vajra Varāhi, or Vasudhārā, has eight arms, is naked above the waist, while seven small boys—*albi circum ubera nati*—make up an unseemly group. This resuscitation of the features of a religion which, buried in India, is still the living creed of millions in Ceylon, Burma, and elsewhere, may stimulate explorers in the same field. But it will not be easy for a German student, an Oriental pandit, or an English scholar, to show a much better piece of workmanship on such a murky subterranean subject.

BYGONE DERBYSHIRE.*

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS is an expert in what may be called popular archaeology, and the volume of *Bygone Derbyshire* is a satisfactory addition to the series of similar compilations, some of which are edited, and all of which are published by him. Perhaps the best essay in the volume is that contributed by the Rev. Dr. Cox, on the "Early Christian" tomb at Wirksworth, though "Early Christian" is not the happiest term for a monument which at the best is the work of "some Christian disciple of Continental experience early in the eighth, or quite possibly in the seventh, century." Restoration has at Wirksworth, as elsewhere, done mischief; but in this particular instance it may be claimed as a set-off that the removal of the pavement in front of the altar led in 1820 to the discovery of this very curious stone, which was buried in front of the altar, and covered a stone-chapel vault grave wherein lay a perfect human skeleton. This stone is covered with sculptures representing Christian symbols and scenes from Biblical history. There is Christ washing the feet of the Disciples; the Crucifixion, with the emblematic Agnus Dei substituted for the human figure; the symbols of the Evangelists; the Carrying to the Tomb, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. Dr. Cox does not entirely accept the theories of his predecessors, but his explanations seem to be well established. The date of this remarkable relic is roughly indicated by a decree of the Council of Constantinople in 603, which refers to the images of the Lamb formerly used, and directs that in future the human form of the Saviour is to be used on images thenceforward. In the account of Haddon Hall there is a misprint in the inscription on the Roman altar. Mr. J. L. Thorneley contributes a careful article on the Brasses in Tideswell Church, the Cathedral of the Peak. Another article is devoted to the biography of a Belper boy who became the founder of the cotton trade in the United States. This sketch raises some ethical problems which Mr. Axon does not attempt to solve. Slater was an apprentice of Strutt, and in that way became familiar with the machinery patented by Sir Richard Arkwright, who was his master's partner. Having conceived the idea that the cotton business would be "overdone" in this country, he slipped away to the United States, and there, without drawings or models, reproduced from memory the machines that were the

basis of some great English fortunes. We are accustomed to think with gratitude of those who introduce new industries; how should we regard those who attempt to take them from their fatherland to other countries? Other articles deal with well-dressing, the Babington conspiracy, the '45, and other topics of archaeology and folk-lore. There is nothing strikingly fresh in the book, but it makes pleasant reading, and will recall many things to those familiar with Derbyshire history, and probably induce others to extend their knowledge in that direction.

AMERICAN LIFE.*

M. DE ROUSIERS has given an admirable and almost exhaustive picture of American life; but the translator and the reader of the translator's proofs have done their utmost to injure a good book. The printer's errors are inexcusable; but we have more toleration for the translator, because he introduces an element of agreeable speculation, and we are always exercising our faculties to guess the language in which M. de Rousiers really expressed himself. Sometimes the conundrums are easy enough, as when the translator renders "ancien" into literal English, or speaks of a journey through the interior of the Continent as a voyage. But not unfrequently we must sorrowfully confess that the translator's perverse ingenuity has mystified us. If Mr. Herbertson is an American he might possibly plead that time is money, and that he is a novice at book-translating, which he has merely taken up by way of interlude. For, in doing justice to the marvellous versatility of the Americans and their inexhaustible fertility of resource, M. de Rousiers depicts a society which knows nothing of repose. It has indomitable resolution, but little steadfast perseverance; for the exertions which follow immediately on failures are generally in some new direction. Moreover, the Americans believe in the paradoxical doctrine which Mr. Besant's *Ready-Money Mortiboy* preached to the parish schools. Their maxim is never to be contented; the more they get the more they must gain. "I should say American life greatly resembles a ladder up which everybody is climbing, hanging on, falling, and beginning the ascent again after each tumble. Nobody thinks of stopping; nobody rests contented on any step." The metaphor is just, and it explains at once why the United States make such giant strides in prosperity, why they contain so many plutocrats or millionaires, and why American life is disagreeable when it is not detestable. Half the Chicago of a few years ago was burned to the ground, and the citizens began to rebuild while the ashes were still smouldering. A speculator, at once cool-headed and courageous, is ready to risk his whole pile on some novelty at a moment's notice, and should he make a hit he may become a millionaire. But all his money will not buy him comfort; everybody of any capacity is as eager as himself in the chase after riches; he must scramble for his meals with the rest of his compatriots in monster hotels where even the millionaire is a cipher, and he cannot keep an establishment of decent servants on any terms he may offer. Nothing is more suggestive to the stranger in New York than the fact that some of the wealthiest men in the city, who keep French *chefs* with their *aides* in palaces of marble, nevertheless dine habitually at Delmonico's.

Every man is eager to better his condition, and the great difficulty throughout the States is in attaching trustworthy dependents. According to M. de Rousiers, almost the only man who seems to have successfully solved the problem is Pullman of the cars and the car-building city; he has secured his workmen by good wages and respecting their independence; and he has actually disciplined the negroes on duty on his trains *de luxe* into showing themselves grateful for the tips their civility has deserved. One of M. de Rousiers's first visits of inspection was to an extensive ranch on the Platte River. The owner bitterly complained that his best ranchmen were always leaving him. Yet they were in receipt of 500 dollars a year, with a comfortable house and *carte blanche* for pasturage. That ranch was fitted with a telephone communicating with the nearest railway station. By the telephone the cattle-breeder could learn at any hour the current quotations for live or dead stock in Omaha and Chicago, and manage his consignments accordingly. We are told how the War of the Secession and the sudden stoppage of the mouths of the Mississippi influenced and redistributed population and prosperity. Each grain district and each meat district must have its distributing centre, with easy access either to the Eastern or the Southern ports. So St. Louis was under a temporary cloud; and the lowing of oxen and the screaming of

* *Bygone Derbyshire*. Edited by William Andrews, F.R.H.S. Derby: Frank Murray. Hull: Andrews & Co.

* *American Life*. Translated from the French of Paul de Rousiers, by A. J. Herbertson. Paris: Firmin Didot & Co. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

outraged pigs ceased to be heard on its broad quays and in its slaughter-houses. On the other hand Chicago, admirably situated, anticipated its inevitable destiny by a dozen of years or so, and rose with unexampled celerity as the metropolis of beef and pork. So St. Paul and Minneapolis were "boomed" by the North-Western farmers, who would otherwise have been floating their produce down the Missouri and Mississippi. The States, according to M. de Rousiers, are an inviting country for a steady poor man who is a skilled artisan or a competent field hand. But the tendency, as population flows west, is to large properties and farms; and taking up a small allotment is a risky speculation even for a man of some knowledge who is willing to work. It is true he can get 160 acres from the Government, and besides there is always an abundance of small farms going begging. But if he be penniless he cannot break up and cultivate his 160 virgin acres without assistance from some wealthier neighbour; and if he pick up a piece of land that has been tilled and abandoned there is generally insecurity as to the title. The former occupier may turn up, and has a right to reclaim his land with the improvements. Credit in a small way is easily obtained; but the facility is a snare or an assistance according as it is used or abused. Nothing is more significant of the shifting state of existence in the West than the rough wooden boxes in which even people of some condition are content to live. We continually see telegrams from the North-Western Territories announcing the wholesale demolition of dwellings in a tornado. It only means that so many slightly constructed packing cases have been blown about; no doubt it is disagreeable or dangerous for the inmates, but it is only what might be expected. But the difficulty of retaining good farm hands has been working its own cure. American ingenuity has been stimulated, and machinery, with its many refinements, has been superseding skilled labour. Not only is the ground tilled and sown and reaped by machinery, but there are dairies with all manner of labour-saving devices which drain the milkshed of whole districts.

The Civil War made many changes in the West, but in the Eastern States the changes almost amounted to revolution. Eastern farming ceased to pay in consequence of the influx of cheap wheat from Minnesota and Dakota. An immense impulse was given to manufactures, and the rural population of New England either emigrated to the West or drained away into the smoky towns which have sprung up round the coal mines and the petroleum wells. And the manufactures and industries are on a colossal scale, employing the capital of wealthy associations or syndicates, with a vast number of hands. The power and wealth of the Eastern industrial interests have entrenched themselves behind a system of Protection. Thanks to the heavy duties on all imports, the Eastern manufacturers have been growing rapidly rich. But, as M. de Rousiers shows, the foundations of their prosperity are precarious; and he predicts the speedy arrival of the day when a change of parties may cause collapse and widespread disaster. Protection enables the masters to pay high wages, yet they cannot depend on the votes of the workpeople. For, of course, the working-man begins to grumble at what he considers an unfair distribution of the profits; and he is certain that in his capacity of consumer Protection taxes him heavily. Meanwhile, although his nominal income is good, his lot in the large cities is as wretched as can well be conceived. He lives for the most part in many-storied, overcrowded blocks of building, with little light and no ventilation. And in New York, for example, he does his work in the most trying of climates, where, in the summer which follows the bitter winter, the heat is almost insupportable. Indeed, were it not for the constant infusion of fresh foreign blood, and for the free air and the elbow-room still to be found in the Far West, the American race must have deteriorated more conspicuously than it has deteriorated. Whether we may consider their discoveries a blessing or a bane, the Union is the paradise of the patent medicine vendors. But pills and purges cannot counteract those vicious habits of daily life which M. de Rousiers describes so graphically. He tells how the indefatigable business man bolts the solid breakfast which might suffice a Californian miner, and then rushes off to catch the tramcar or sky-train. How he toils all the day in the service of Mammon, snatching what is advertised as a "quick luncheon" at a bar counter; how he deluges himself at an express dinner with iced water, and then retires to the drinking saloon to refresh himself with cocktails and corpse-revivers; and how, whether engaged in business or pleasure, he patronizes the indigenous productions of the South by smoking or chewing the strongest tobacco. Finally, as an appropriate end to his strange, eventful history, he is taken to the cemetery at a smart trot, in consideration for the mourners whose time is money.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HORSE.*

THIS *Manual of Veterinary Physiology* shows plainly that, from one point of view at any rate, the student of veterinary medicine is better off than his fellow who walks the hospitals; it is rather a slim book, consisting of only just over 400 pages. The medical student, on the other hand, if he reads *Foster's Physiology*, has to get through a very much larger quantity of matter. We remember the latter work when it was no larger than the volume now before us; but since that period it has steadily increased in bulk, until now the contents have become too voluminous to be contained in one cover, and the book has been obliged, like an overfed amoeba, to divide by fission into four separate parts. The author of a *Manual of Veterinary Physiology* has, however, by no means achieved this result by an undue condensation of the matter; he has not produced a moderately-sized volume by too tight packing, but by only paying attention to the better known regions of physiology, and by saying little or nothing about the more controversial aspects of the subject. This course is, perhaps, on the whole to be commended in a text-book designed for a professional student who has a great deal to get up in a short time; but, on the other hand, this plan is apt to produce in the mind of the diligent student a self-satisfied feeling, which is not really healthy, of having thoroughly got up the subject. There is proportionally less said about the cerebral hemispheres than about any of the other organs of the body; and we find in that chapter some inaccuracies—not, however, relating to physiology, but to anatomy. It is stated, for instance, that the deeper and more complex the convolutions of the brain, the greater the intelligence of the animal. This remark is often made; but it is delusive without being considerably qualified. No one, for example, could reasonably accuse the marmoset of being an animal markedly deficient in intelligence to the ponderous and stolid rhinoceros; and yet the brain of the former is as innocent of convolutions and furrows as the brain of a mammal can well be, while the cerebral hemispheres of the rhinoceros are extremely complex. The truth of this matter is that within a given group the small members have smoother brains than the larger. A lion, for example, is better off in the way of convolutions than a civet-cat, and a baboon is, so far, the superior of a squirrel-monkey, or a marmoset. The horse has a fairly complex brain, and yet the author is constrained to admit that he is not distinguished intellectually, except in the way of memory—surely, not a mark of inferiority, this? His remarks upon the language of horses may be commended to the attention of Professor Garner, who would probably find a stable quite as good a place for studying animal speech as an African forest.

The most complete part of the book is that dealing with digestion. It is here that the principal differences between equine and human physiology are to be found. Horses move their muscles, use their nervous system, and possess circulatory organs much as does man; but it need hardly be said that the horse is practically a vegetarian, while man is, in spite of some of our friends, built for an omnivorous, verging distinctly towards a carnivorous, diet. It is not of the least use to point out monkeys as the nearest allies of man, and therefore to be imitated in the matter of diet; the public, no doubt, hold that there is an intimate connexion between monkeys and nuts. But the fact is—and it is one of those facts not generally known—that many monkeys feed largely upon insects, occasionally robbing nests of their eggs or of their young birds. This, however, by the way. The horse has an enormous cæcum, while man has a very small one; part of this is even rudimentary, and appears to serve no purpose except that of affording a convenient locality for a particularly dangerous kind of inflammation. This cæcum (in the horse) plays a very important part in digestion; it has been generally held that cellulose, which forms so great a part of all vegetable food, is there digested; but Captain Smith thinks that this also takes place in the stomach. He quotes, in this connexion, a very interesting recent discovery by Mr. Brown that in oats and barley the cellulose is dissolved and rendered "digestible" by a particular ferment—not provided by the glands of the stomach, but pre-existing in the grain itself. The fruit and the leaves of the papaw tree afford an interesting analogy to this; they contain a ferment closely allied to, if not identical with, pepsin—the ferment which carries on the digestion of the stomach; this fruit would, therefore, form an excellent diet for dyspeptic people. A whole chapter is devoted to a consideration of the foot of the horse, practical hints as to shoeing being also given; some of the phrases used in this chapter read very oddly to persons who are not acquainted with the technical terms in use among veterinarians. The author speaks, for example, of the "horny frog."

* *A Manual of Veterinary Physiology*. By Vet. Captain F. Smith, M.R.V.C.S. London: 1892.

the "sensitive frog," and says that "the frog is peculiar, inasmuch as it needs for its perfectly healthy condition contact with the ground," and that "the wasted condition of the frog may be restored by pressure." The "frog" is, in reality, an elastic cushion on the foot, the action of which is hardly apparent in the iron-shod horse. If any one has ever observed that obese and unwieldy ally of the horse, the rhinoceros, indulging in a trot, he cannot fail to have been struck—ridiculous as it may appear to any one who has not seen the sight—by the extremely graceful and springy motion of the limbs. This is brought about by the elastic pad referred to.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AT last the French publishers are waking up, and books of various kinds are beginning to issue from their presses. Among them is the first for some months of those solid historical studies by which the modern French school of historians is now distinguishing itself as much as any school in Europe. To tell the truth, M. de Crue's book (1) is very solid. He is of course—a fact at which he glances good-humouredly in the preface—at the huge disadvantage of contrast with almost the most vivid of all Dumas's mainly historical romances, *La reine Margot*. But also his volume is less an account of the actual fortunes of his two heroes than an instalment of a complete history of the *Politiques*—a thing very well worth doing, but involving a great deal of inquiry into very tortuous and not very interesting intrigue. As for the innovation in the title-names, we are sadly resigned to that by this time, though it certainly seems a little unnecessary in the present case. Where living representatives of the family authorize or insist on it, they act, of course, within their rights, and a man of good manners must take his chance of magisterial correction from the ignorant when he writes "*La Tremoille*" instead of "*La Tremouille*." But we are not aware that either Margot's lover or his friend is represented in modern France, and so we might surely be allowed to call them *La Môle* and *Coconnas*, especially as the latter, at any rate, never seems to have signed any French form of his proper name, *Coconato*.

M. Pierre Bonassieux (2) (another Dumasian reminiscence), in his book on great Trading Companies of modern history, is another member of the same general class. M. Bonassieux goes steadily through all the examples of his kind in all European countries since the Renaissance, and has, indeed, an appendix on the various renewals of the institution, chiefly by England, during the last dozen years or so. His book is painstaking, and, as a collection of information on matters the history of which has hitherto lain scattered far and wide, should be useful; but for that very reason it is a little hard to criticize in brief space.

M. René Bazin (3), to whom we owe several very delicately-written novels and a capital volume of Italian sketches, has followed these latter up with a volume on Sicily, containing preliminary chapters on Tunis and Malta, with postscripts on Naples. The whole is characterized by the same elegance and proportion, without fine or florid writing, which distinguished the Italian travel scenes; and the Maltese chapters have special interest for Englishmen. M. Bazin, though the reverse of a Chauvinist, takes a not unnatural pleasure in the alleged popularity of France in Malta. We would not dash his satisfaction, but may suggest a common-sense explanation. England possesses Malta, Italy covets it, and, between the two, it is not surprising that the pardonable but perverse little patriotism which distinguishes small and not entirely independent communities should turn platonically to a third Power. It is not recorded that there was much love lost between French and Maltese when they last actually foregathered.

M. Paul Bourget always writes well, and his new novel (4) will, no doubt, be as welcome to his special flock as his old ones. Those who have always deplored the bent of his remarkable talent towards the morbid and *malain* will not, perhaps, find much improvement in *La terre promise*. It turns on the mental struggles of a youngish man who, under the influence of an honest affection, has been changed "from an adulterer and a libertine to a respectful and ravished *fiancé*," and who, while indulging this lawful passion, is suddenly confronted with his old love and her little daughter—of whom he chooses to be certain that she is his own child. It would probably be impossible to explain to M. Bourget why this situation gives an Englishman what we call

"a bad taste in the mouth." But he glances at a French form of the same objection in an interesting preface defending the novel of analysis. He does not, however, in his attempt to show cause against what he calls the *malveillance* of critics to this form grapple with what seems to us the most serious of all objections—that the analytic novelist is more and more tempted to present to his readers studies instead of finished pictures, to substitute the exhibition of the intermediate processes for the completed results of art.

That active and patriotic young Chauvinist, Prince Henri d'Orléans, has reprinted a memoir on the subject of French Indo-China (5), its prospects and disadvantages, which he addressed to a learned body.

It is rather an unusual time for bringing out tourist guides; but such well-executed and better illustrated little volumes as the well-known *Vingt jours* series (6) are welcome at any date. The illustrators have had excellent subjects in the coasts of Northern Brittany (which are slowly filling with watering-places, but not yet reduced, like those of Normandy, to the state of a continuous Brighton beach), and in the splendid architecture of St-Brieuc and Paimpol, Tréguier and Lamballe.

M. des Rotours's *Morale du cœur* (7) (which appears with a preface by M. Ravaisson) is a sketch of modern ethics on their more sentimental side, from Rousseau (with a certain "throw-back" to the Scotch school) to Mr. Spencer; and is a very fair example of the return to a more idealist philosophy than has recently been fashionable.

Of school books we may note M. Boiellé's school edition (Whittaker; G. Bell & Sons) of M. Claretie's *Pierrille*. The preface contains a vigorous protest—which we heartily endorse—against vocabularies, and a plea for the use of the honest dictionary.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WORDSWORTH and meteorology and topography are pleasantly associated in Mr. Samuel Barber's sketches of Wythburn—*Beneath Helvellyn's Shade* (Elliot Stock)—the people and locality, their past and present, being presented from various points of study. Of Wordsworth, indeed, he must needs write who writes of the Lake district. Mr. Barber has drawn on the poet in adorning his theme, with an aptitude that does not degenerate into profuseness. His meteorology is confined to that volatile meteor—as an old writer calls it—the cloud, its many forms and varied phenomena. Mr. Barber is an observer of clouds. It is his delight to study the fantastic and graceful forms of the cirrus, the serried or marmoreal masses of cirro-cumulus, and to pass, like the poet, "from mount to mount" of the cumulus "through cloudland, gorgeous land." The fruits of this agreeable study are very interesting, and will, we think, be found by non-scientific observers far more intelligible than the portentous writings of certain "scientists" who have dealt with the subject. We sympathize with Mr. Barber's dislike of such terms as "stratiformis" and "cumuliformis." He finds more security in adopting Herschel's "anvil cloud," and "bead cloud," "ram's head," &c. But the terminology of cloudland is at present somewhat indeterminate. Not long since we heard of a young meteorologist who was utterly ploughed on examination because he was unable to satisfy his examiner by a definition of a "Noah's Ark." He should be partly consoled by Mr. Barber's reference to this mysterious manifestation of cloud—"How many theories have been advanced with regard to the stratified and aggregated forms called 'Noah's Ark'!" At present the study of clouds is a somewhat neglected branch of science, and it may be, as Mr. Ruskin suggests in a letter to the author, that much may be done "by patience and dexterous attention, without the aid of costly instruments and in the lovely and healthy observatory of the air."

The tone, rather than the title, of Mr. Douglas Sladen's volume, *The Japs at Home* (Hutchinson & Co.), is suggestive of "Mr. Douglas Sladen at Home," so serenely familiar is the attitude of Mr. Sladen towards Japan and all that therein is. Perhaps this impression is due to the levelling influence of a camera. Mr. Sladen is a "Kodaker." He has "Kodaked" Japan. His book is writ in "Kodak," we may say, so jaunty and colloquial is its style. From this point of view it is not surprising to find that Mr. Sladen thinks "Japan might be almost

(1) *Le parti des politiques—La Môle et Coconat*. Par Francis de Crue. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Les grandes compagnies de commerce*. Par Pierre Bonassieux. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Sicile*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *La terre promise*. Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Lemerre.

(5) *Une excursion en Indo-Chine*. Par le Prince Henri d'Orléans. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Vingt jours en Bretagne: de St. Malo à Brest*. Paris: May et Motteroz.

(7) *La morale du cœur*. Par Jules Angot des Rotours. Paris: Perrin.

disappointing, if it were not for the Henry-Irving-in-Hamlet legs of the coolies." And, of course, *Madame Chrysanthème* is not forgotten, nor Sir Edwin Arnold, who, "while in Japan is nothing if not Japanese," which is precisely what Mr. Sladen appears not to be. He describes what he sees fluently enough, often very prettily, but the description is of the surface for the most part.

The Silver Domino (Lamley & Co.) is an anonymous effusion, satirical as to intent, and extremely suggestive of the gentle Malayan exercise of running a-muck, or the emancipated young person having a fling, to its own obvious enjoyment. The temper of it is as illogical as that of the Angry Boy in the Jonsonian play; the wit "shrinks not from blasphemy"; the satire is conveyed by Byron by the very simple process of reading "Rudyard Kipling" for "Amos Cottle," and so forth; and the humour, which is "new," lies in addressing Mr. Gladstone as "Gladdy," Mr. Kipling as "Kip," and the like. From first to last it is nothing but screaming; you wonder when the scalping is going to begin, and are left wondering.

The delineation of the gentleman is set forth in a series of extracts from modern and ancient writers, in *The Perfect Gentleman* (Cassell & Co.), by the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, D.D., whose aim has been to "gather into one focus a multitude of scattered rays which have emanated from many great writers" who throw light on the subject. "So many, and so many," and so varied are these illumined periods that you might think there was nothing so complex as the character of a gentleman. And yet, as the focussed result proves, it is a very simple character. Dr. Palmer's book is indeed exemplary in effect, and is a treasury of quotations, well selected and very delectable to contemplate.

Who has not built his castle in Spain, and taken count of the cargo of his ship that is to come home, or rescued at least some salvage of its wreck? Of such pleasing phantasy Mr. George Ellwanger has constructed *The Story of My House* (Bell & Sons), and presented some engaging visions of the making of that house, the governing of it, the garden and orchid houses, the library and its delights, the beauty within it, and the various charms of nature without. And, whether the ideal be altogether ours, or in some details be contrary to our dreaming, there can be no doubt that everybody will sympathize with much in Mr. Ellwanger's prospectus of a house beautiful. It is indeed an attractive representation that is elaborated in his pretty volume, even though we should not subscribe wholly to the furnishing of the library shelves as Mr. Ellwanger presents it. But on this point the wise are agreed to differ.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year, and twelve poets impersonate the months of the year in *A Calendar of Verse* (Percival & Co.), a novel selection from the poets, comprising extracts for every day in the year, as in a birthday book, though without the blank pages for the autograph. Mr. Saintsbury contributes a sympathetic introduction to this interesting experiment in poetic selection, which he has happily characterized as a "table-book," a book in which old-fashioned folk were wont to inscribe their favourite passages from their best-beloved authors. One author only—Campion, who stands for September—is not to be ranked in this category. But the selection here given is so excellently representative of that charming poet, the day of his election should not be long delayed.

Queer Stories from Russia, by Capel Chernilo (Clarke & Co.), is a collection of very brief sketches that belies the title affixed to them. There is nothing "queer" in these simple little tales of Russian life—nothing that is not very familiar to the English reader.

Mr. William le Queux's *Strange Tales of a Nihilist* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), if less true to the literal document, are exciting enough in the wild old fearless style of romance, and abound in wondrous examples of plottings, disguising, stratagems, and police exploits.

Humorous Readings from Dickens, edited by Charles B. Neville (Simpkin & Co.), is merely a jumble of brief extracts from *Pickwick*, &c., to which preposterous "headings" are given, such as "An Unacceptable Old Man's Wooing"—otherwise, Mr. Pecksniff's courtship of Mary—and "The Wonders of the Medical Profession," which is descriptive of nothing less than the entertainment of Mr. Pickwick by that pleasant wag Jack Hopkins in Bob Sawyer's lodgings.

Among recent volumes for school use we have *Livy*, Book V., with notes by J. Prendeville, re-edited by J. H. Freese, M.A. (Bell & Sons); from Cicero, the *Pro Milone*, edited by A. B. Poynter, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Caesar, the *Gallie War*, Book IV., edited by M. F. J. Brackenbury, M.A. (Percival & Co.); *Livy*, Book V., edited by M. Alford, "Elementary Classics" series (Macmillan & Co.); Part I., "Accidence," of *A Greek Grammar*, by Professor Sonnenschein, "Parallel

Grammar Series" (Sonnenschein & Co.); a Selection of *Latin Verse*, by Spencer W. S. Carey, for lower forms (Percival & Co.).

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Mr. Alfred Nixon's *Elementary Bookkeeping* (Longmans & Co.) is, what few primers on the subject are, a practical book, such as beginners need as guidance.

The "House," the "Home," and the "Purse" are the chief themes of discourse in a *Primer of Domestic Economy*, by Edith A. Barnett and H. C. O'Neill (Macmillan & Co.), a capital little book for the young householder, though intended, it seems, for teachers of domestic economy in schools. Teaching, if it is to bear educational fruit, can only be combined with practice and experience in the science of everyday life and domestic management. It is the excellent merit of this handbook that its teaching takes a most practical form, and is strictly elementary. It lays down a sure foundation of first principles for the use of the beginner, and altogether we do not know a better little book on a great subject than this.

Among new editions we have *The Marriage of Elinor*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); *Glory*, a Wiltshire story, by Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Res Judicata*, essays and papers, by Augustine Birrell (Elliot Stock); *Recollections of My Life*, by Ernest Renan, translated by C. B. Pitman, second edition (Chapman & Hall); *A Fatal Silence*, by Florence Marryat (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and *Strange Tales and Lives of Robbers and Bandits*, by Charles Macfarlane (Simpkin & Co.).

We have also received *Selections from the Spectator*, edited, with notes and introduction, by K. Deighton (Macmillan & Co.); Vol. III. of the English translation of Professor Karl Brugmann's *Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European Languages*, by R. Seymour Conway, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Accounts of the Obedientiairs of Abingdon Abbey*, edited by R. E. G. Kirk, issued by the Camden Society; *Sadducee versus Pharisee*, two essays, by George M. McCrie (Bickers & Son); *Handbook of Christianity*, by an Oxford M.A. (Simpkin & Co.); *Gareth and Lynette*, edited, with notes and introduction, by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Graduated Passages from Greek and Latin*, for first-eight translation, Parts III. and IV., by Messrs. H. Bendall, M.A., and C. E. Laurence, M.A. (Clay & Sons); *A First Spanish Reader and Writer*, by H. Butler Clarke (Sonnenschein & Co.); *A German Course*, by J. Ulrich Ransom, Part I. (Longmans & Co.); *A French Primer*, by J. Belfond, "Reading and Conversation" (Hachette); *A Summary of English History*, based on Mr. Osmond Airy's text-book (Longmans & Co.); *Metal-Colouring and Bronzing*, by Arthur H. Hiorns (Macmillan & Co.); *The Iron and Steel Maker*, by various practical writers, edited by F. Joynson, with illustrations (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Guide to Promotion*, Part I., by Lieutenant-Colonel Sisson C. Pratt (Stanford); *Gilbert's First Voyage, and other Stories*, by M. C. Halifax and others (Hogg); *Hans Vanderpump*, by "P" (Arrowsmith); and *Trifles for Travellers*, by A. Wentworth (Digby, Long, & Co.).

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